

THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 57

MARCH, 1922

NO. 3



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SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Robin

By Grace Ingles Frost

Yesternoon, for the first time I saw him.
He is here in a new red vest.
Today, a companion has joined him,
Who's not in such bright plumage dressed.

They joyously twitter together
Though earth wears a garment of snow;
They seem to care not for the weather,
Nor evil foreboding e'er know.

I am watching these comrades so cheery,
True harbingers both of the spring;
Unto me who so oft grows a weary,
Renewed strength of purpose they bring.

For how can I view through the hours,
These small, earnest creatures who wing
Their way from the southland of flowers
And not heed the message they bring?

They know well God's time and His season,
And hasten His will to obey;
Oh, that man with his power to reason,
Might prove ever faithful as they!



GORDON'S CALVARY, JERUSALEM

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The place believed by many to be the scene of the Crucifixion. The resemblance to a human skull may be traced in the caves and irregularities of the cliff.



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The Passing of a Pioneer

By Howard R. Driggs

In the death of President W. W. Riter, Utah loses another of the few remaining stalwarts that blazed the way into the state in the memorable 1847. A wise counselor, an educator, a financier, has gone. But more than this, a treasure-house of rich reminiscences is lost.

Only those who have sat with President Riter and listened to him bring forth the riches of his pioneer memories can appreciate how serious is this loss. He not only had lived through the great story of Utah in all its phases, but he could make the story live in the minds of all who heard him. The richness of detail, the calmness of judgment, the appreciation of the commonplace things in life,—all served to vivify the story.

As an illustration: When he told how the Omaha Indians felt about the intrusion of the pioneers into their territory, at Winter Quarters, he said: "They were not openly hostile, they were just mean; they used to come around and tantalize us herd boys by taking away our pocket knives, running our cattle off and laughing at us for our pains in hunting the stock."

Again, when he told of the cricket war, he brought the starving situation of the people close by relating how, before the wheat was all ripe, he and

his mother would go out into the field each day and pick off the scattering heads that were ready, grinding these in a coffee-mill, to make bread to keep the wolf away until harvest time.

For every vital event in the story of Utah's making, he had these close-to-life incidents to give reality to it.

Appreciating the value of these concrete pictures of our history, I pleaded with President Riter again and again to preserve them for us by dictating his memoirs to a stenographer. His reply was that he was too busy or that they would not be read by the busy folk of today. My enthusiasm to have his life-story saved, failed to stimulate the zeal in him to give it to us. The loss is ours.

If young America needs anything today it is more real stories; we have too many *reel* ones. Our history should be made to live again. Too many histories are just husks and chaff—names and dates. It is vitalized, humanized history that we need.

Such history as this will be read with agility not only by boys and girls but by their parents. It can be got by going to the treasure houses that contain it—our living pioneers. But the one who goes should know what to see—not bare facts, but life-giving in-



HOUSE BUILT IN THE OLD SALT LAKE FORT (PIONEER SQUARE) 1847, BY MR. BOSS, WHO HAD SOME CANADIAN WOODMEN HELPING HIM. NOW IN BACKYARD AT PRESIDENT W. W. RITER'S HOME, 349 EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

stances that illuminate significant facts.

It was my privilege to gather some of such materials from President Riter. My only regret is that I did not find time to gather more.

One day we went together in an automobile to the mouth of Emigration Canyon. The picture accompanying this article shows him as he was pointing out the old pioneer trail leading down into the valley.

The other picture was taken in his

back yard by the log house which once stood in the old fort on pioneer square. This house should be preserved by our historical society. It is one of the very first to be erected in Salt Lake City and Utah.

The lessons from this stalwart pioneer's life are many and rich. In his passing we all suffer a great loss. There are too few of these sturdy trail-blazers left; let their lives be treasured and their stories preserved.



PRESIDENT W. W. RITER POINTS OUT THE "OLD MORMON TRAIL" AS IT EMERGES FROM EMIGRATION CANYON



CHAPTER VI

Zeniff was never at a loss for material for thought. As he left the city of Zarahemla, bearing its king's unusual message to Mosiah, he swung into the long swift strides that cover so much ground with so little effort and followed mechanically the route he had set for himself. Then, abandoning himself to the guidance of instinct and habit, he studied again the problem into which he had precipitated himself on the impulse born of Remalia's beauty and the knowledge that she loved him.

As he drew nearer to the woman whose promise of love he had won, the way out seemed to grow harder and more complex until he could have cried out against himself for yielding to the magic of the moonlight and her music. Yet he was somehow glad that there was one in the camp, where none of his own blood waited, who would be happier for his coming. And the knowledge that even if there were any possibility that he would ever again see Velma, he could never claim her as his own, made him wonder if it were possible for him to be happy in making Remalia happy. One moment he vowed he would forget Velma and think only of the daughter of Mosiah, but the thought of the charm and winsomeness of the one he had lost would bring with it the longing to see her again and he trembled at the surging passion of desire that swept over him, to look into her eyes, to hear her laughing voice, to feel the touch of her soft hands and hold her yielding form once more against his heart. And so he had

the whole thing to fight again and his dreams and regrets, hopes and fears, hindered his feet until he suddenly became aware that it was time for him to be catching sight of the camp of Mosiah, while he was still far from his destination. He finally succeeded in banishing his disagreeable thoughts by speculating as to the reason why Amari spoke of the Nephite tongue as the language of Benjamin and wondering what would be the result of his enthusiastic praise of the prophet's son.

Before nightfall, he reached the camp, which had been slowly approaching Zarahemla since he left it, and delivered his message. Though he thrilled at the welcome Remalia gave him, his conscience rendered it impossible for him to remain in her company very long at one time—for he was not yet strong enough to conquer the thought of the other one.

As he led the train toward Zarahemla, in spite of his knowledge of the welcome awaiting them there, he wished that it were toward Nephi they were facing and that familiar faces were waiting to welcome them instead of new ones. In spite of his will, such longings haunted him continually, and the idea of returning home began to form the background of all his thoughts. No flowers here were so fair as those that bloomed in Nephi, no waters were so clear, no trees were so magnificent as those of the homeland, and there were no women either in Zarahemla or the Nephite camp who could compare in beauty and charm with the winsome Velma.

In action only could he find relief from the nagging of his memories. In action he tried to forget, and his services as interpreter and scout kept him well occupied during the early days in the new land while the two peoples were becoming united and the system of government was being modified and transferred to Mosiah.

When the dreaded time came that saw the completion of the settlement, he found in hunting an excuse to live still the free life of forest and mountain he had learned to love so well.

When it was announced that the daughter of Zarahemla and the son of Mosiah were to wed, the scruples of those who were at first discontented seemed to be laid at rest, and both peoples rejoiced that there could be no contention in later years concerning the succession to the throne. But another faction arose in secret, who claimed that Ammon, the son of Zarahemla's elder daughter, should be heir to the throne, and the boy, troubled at the thought of disobeying his grandfather's will, yet moved, in spite of duty, at the flattering ambitions presented to his imagination, one day followed a sudden impulse and asked Zeniff to advise him.

Surprised at the rapidity with which the plot had grown, and keenly interested in the boy whom he admired more with greater acquaintance, Zeniff replied to his request, "Suppose you and I go out in the forest alone tomorrow, Ammon, and take all the time we want to think this matter over? Then you can tell me the whole thing and the trees and birds and flowers—the whole great out of doors—will help us decide the question. Of course, you know I shall not say anything to anyone but you about it. Shall we do that?"

Ammon was eager to have a day with the experienced scout, and he had not the slightest doubt that Zeniff could help him to see things the right way. When they started next morn-

ing it was evident to Zeniff that he could not have chosen a better helper than nature to aid him in clearing the boy's eyes of their city dust.

He wisely refrained from mentioning the subject they had come to discuss until they were alone in the midst of the great forest, eating their noon-day lunch on the bank of a tiny stream which emptied in the distance into the great river Sidon, and then went on to seek the ocean. Until then their talk had been all about how the mother bird cares for her nestlings, how the father helps her build and feed, how the sunshine and the rain helps the plant world to live and how in the great economy of nature each thing is continually helping something weaker than itself. Ammon loved to listen to Zeniff's explanations and had to be prompted to tell his own story even when they were ready to discuss it. But once started, he revealed to the astonished Zeniff the intricacies of a plot that had for its object the placing of the boy on the throne, after Zarahemla, Mosiah, Benjamin and several less powerful leaders of both races had been murdered to make room for him.

"And why do you wish to occupy the throne, Ammon?" inquired the Nephite when the boy had finished, "Do you think you would make so much better ruler than Mosiah or Benjamin?"

"Why, no. I hadn't thought of that," replied the boy, "But it would be nice to be great and honored and have a mighty nation to rule over. Any one would like to be king."

Zeniff shrugged his shoulders. "Please except me," he remarked.

"Do you really mean that you would not enjoy being king?" asked Ammon.

"And having men try to murder me, so they could put some one else in my place whenever the fancy struck them? And having to act as a judge and settle all the troubles that come, and then take the blame when things went wrong, and never know what to ex-



ZENIFF AND AMMON ALONE IN THE GREAT FOREST

pect next? I consider that anything but an alluring prospect. But come, let us be moving or we shall not get back to the city before midnight."

As they slowly made their way back, he followed this change of subject with a long talk on the mission of Christ and his message of peace and brotherly love, though he carefully avoided seeming to preach. Instead, he made it a story and filled it with

all the things that he knew would appeal to the boyish imagination of his companion, and Ammon was quick to see and discuss points of doctrine that had a bearing on his own life. They forgot to hunt while Zeniff related the story of the flood, and repeated the account of the people of Coriantumr and stirred the boy's sympathy with the tragedy of the mighty king whose ambition and selfish wickedness

had wrought the destruction of a mighty race of people, and with the loneliness of the man as he wandered over the desolate wastes that had once been fair cities and fruitful fields. When he saw that Ammon's eyes were winking more rapidly than is consistent with boyish dignity, Zeniff changed to the story of his own people and ended with a comparison of the character of Zarahemla with that of Coriantumr.

A long silence succeeded, and Zeniff, watching the changing expression on his young friend's face, knew that he was applying the moral to his own case, and silently prayed that his day's work might not prove vain, and that the grandson of Zarahemla might be strong in such a way as to make it possible for him to grow stronger instead of weaker.

It was growing dusk when they came in sight of the walls of the city, and still neither had given any conclusion as to the correct answer to Ammon's problem. Then abruptly he spoke, and in his voice was a note of determination that made him seem suddenly old, as he drew himself to his full height with, "Zeniff, I thank you for showing me what a fool I was about to become. I can never cease to be grateful enough to you for saving me from the sin of Coriantumr. And I thank the God of Noah, Nephi and Ether for sending a better man than I can ever hope to become to reign over my people. Like this tiny stream, I shall seek the greatest good, and become strong by uniting with others instead of wasting my energy in the attempt to change the decrees of God and like my grandfather, I shall try to seek always the greatest good for the greatest number.

"Tonight I will meet with the secret order and pretend to be entirely in harmony with their schemes, until they have sworn to obey me in every word, and then I will tell them the

things you have shown me today and warn them that if any one attempts treason against the government as it is now instituted, he shall feel the wrath of the whole people. They will fear me because I know every one of them so well, and when I prove that I will not help them they will give up their hopes and become loyal to Mosiah. I am only a boy, and not used to telling men what they shall do, but God will give me strength because it is right for me to do as I have told you."

That night, as Zeniff watched the boy hurrying through the darkness to meet his friends, he wondered if there were many such men among the Mulekites. He knew how earnestly Ammon had prayed to the God he had so recently learned to worship for strength to do his will, and, remembering a night when he, too, had been filled with a desire to help the world, he wondered if he should have succeeded better had he sought the same aid that Ammon invoked.

Then, in strangely reminiscent mood, he wandered into the palace garden and reviewed the events that had so changed his life from the smooth course it had once seemed destined to fill. Standing near a row of flowers where white blossoms vied with red in beauty, he picked a flower of each color and stood thoughtfully considering them and comparing the two girls they symbolized to him.

But all his thoughts were colored with the things he had said to Ammon that day and the boy's ideal of service to others was ringing through his mind as he faced again the problem he had been dodging since first he came in sight of Zarahemla. Would others be happier if he married Remalia? He asked himself the question in a hundred different ways, and always the affirmative answer haunted him. Could he tear the image of Velma from his heart? Could he make Remalia happy and still love another? Would he not be happier if he devoted his en-

ergies to serving others and forgot his own desires?

Again and again he answered the questions and never could he decide which answer was the right one without an "if." "If" he were strong enough, he could forget Velma. "If" he were strong enough he could make Remalia happy without forgetting her. "If" he were strong enough he could be happy himself. But if he were weak—. And then came the thought: When the red flower belongs to another by every law of God and man, what right has one to trample the white one under foot, in trying to reach that which is forbidden. Slowly he tore leaves and petals from the red rose in his hand and scattered them on the ground at his feet and so engrossed was he in this little act, which to him was so full of symbolism, that he did not hear the approaching footsteps, and started guiltily as he caught sight of the one whom he called the white rose.

Facing Remalia with the flower in his hand, he said quietly, "See, this one is perfect and no insect shall ever eat out its heart and cause it to fade. Tell me, Remalia, dear, how long before I can pluck the white rose that love has given me? Have we not waited long enough? Is not the singing bird ready to try its wings and fly to a nest of its own? How soon can we be married?"

The face she lifted to his was radiant with the joy of a woman's complete surrender, and she answered simply, "As soon as we desire."

It was very soon after, and on the same day that the other two were to unite the Nephite and Mulekite races in one royal family, that Zeniff claimed the fair daughter of Mosiah as his bride; and in their joy over the fitness of the one couple, people forgot to comment on the other that, "He was not good enough for her." Zeniff was the only one to whom that thought occurred.

CHAPTER VII

There is no greater misery in life than the feeling of indecision as to whether or not one has reached the goal of his desire; no bitterer moments than those in which one decides that he has taken a false step from which there is no retreat; no keener pain than that of doubt as to whether choice has been wise or foolish; no hell greater than that which comes of regret that has no opportunity to repent.

Supported by his knowledge that Remalia loved him, and strong in the resolve to make her happy and forget Velma, Zeniff went through the ceremony of marriage with an exalted feeling that he was doing his duty and solving the problem he had faced so long. But after it was over and the guests at the reception had departed, he went out into the soft, cool night and faced once more the memories that would not be stilled, and the thought that the problem was now greater than before.

Remalia found him there, and with the keen intuition of a woman to know when a loved one is suffering, placed her hand caressingly on his bowed head and whispered, "Zeniff, you have made me your wife. Grant me now the privilege of the wife to know what troubles her husband."

He was silent and she added, "You must know, Zeniff, that there is nothing in the world for me now, but to help you to happiness and peace of mind."

"Remalia," and there was in his voice a note of agony that touched the mother in her as well as the wife, "It is because you love me so well that I am in trouble. The whole trouble is that I am unworthy of that love, and cannot make you happy, as you above all women deserve to be."

"Tell me," she coaxed.

"Confess what a fool and villain I

am, and make the matter worse, by hurting you with my weakness?"

The girl's face went as white as the gown she wore. But her voice was low and still gentle as she replied, "There is nothing else to do now, dear. The knowledge that you did not confide in me, and the vague uncertain suspicions which your words suggest, would be worse than the assurance that some of them were true. Remember that my religion bids me forgive, and that my love will make it easy to do so, and do not suppose that I am such a coward that I cannot face a problem affecting my own happiness and that of the man I love! Confide in me frankly, Zeniff, and let me face the problem with you if I cannot help you to solve it."

With the womanly skill that was not lost with Eden, she won from him the full story of his love for Velma, her betrothal to Helam, and his innate conviction that if he had not stayed at Mosiah's home so long, he could have won her.

When he had finished, both were silent for a moment, while conflicting emotions sought for expression and each forced the words back lest they hurt the other.

Finally, Remalia spoke. But her words were neither a stinging rebuke nor a moan of self pity, such as Zeniff felt that he deserved to hear. "Is that all you have to say?" she asked.

"That is all," he replied, "except to beg you to believe that I desire your happiness above all things; that I blame myself only because I have dealt falsely with you."

Her smile as she replied was half weary, half grim. "And suppose I accept your word," she suggested; "Suppose I say that whatever wrong you may have done me is forgiven; that I believe you have tried to do what is right, and that you have never told me you loved me, but merely allowed me to deceive myself. Then what? I am willing to say all this—but will that

make it right? What more is necessary? What are we to do in order to set things as nearly right as possible?"

"I cannot tell," answered Zeniff, dully. "It seems as though everything I try to do turns out wrong. I make a failure of all my good attempts and bring sorrow and regret to those to whom I would give joy. But you are better than I. Tell me what you think would be right for us to do. Shall I go away where you will not be burdened with the sight of me? Or shall we go on and try to be true to our marriage vows? Tell me what is right."

"Where would you go?" she asked. "If your departure would result in your own happiness, I should release you gladly. But how could that help matters? Velma, you say, chose Helam in preference to you. Even if you could find your way back to Nephi, you could scarcely hope to claim her. Would you be happier in knowing that I was lonely without you?"

"You are right," Zeniff answered slowly. "I could never reach Nephi, and if I did I could not claim Velma. If only I could ever become worthy of your love, there is no place where I could be so happy as with you. I admire and respect and confide in you above all women, and there is no one save Velma that I love so well. But to stay, knowing you suffered at thought of her would be an unfailing punishment to me."

"It is hard to decide," said Remalia, thoughtfully. "But there are other things to consider that we have not mentioned. You and I have exchanged vows that are sacred and binding. We cannot lightly break our covenants, even for lack of the greatest love. I love you better than all the world besides; you love me better than all except one. She is far beyond your reach, and I could not be jealous of one who could never interfere with my immediate happiness, so long as

you did not constantly remind me of her."

Then, with the first strong evidence of emotion since she found him, she extended her arms and exclaimed, "O Zeniff, why should we not go on; and be true comrades to each other, and love as well as we may, in spite of Velma? We need not let her spoil our whole future. Love her if you will, but love me a little also, and while I have you, I shall not complain that I cannot claim your every thought. Such bliss is too great for this life. But we can help each other to do good and make the world happier and in helping others forget that we are not as happy as we could wish to be."

Eagerly he caught her outstretched hands and drew her to him, whispering, "Remalia, if ever God sent angels to live as human beings, your body received one! You are the noblest woman I ever knew. I am sure now, that we can be happy together—if only you will teach me to be as true and generous and loving as you are. And with God's help, Remalia, I will yet love you as you deserve to be loved. My whole aim in life shall be to become worthy of the wife I have won so unworthily. As for Velma—I will forget her, as one forgets a beautiful dream that is not so beautiful as the joys of the daytime and the light of reality. Do you remember," he added, "that song you were singing on the morning I left Nephi—when I found you on the hill-top gathering berries before sunrise? Sing it to me now, dear wife."

Thus began another period in Zeniff's eventful life. And no portion of his career taught him the wealth of lessons that he learned after he married.

He often told himself that no man ever had a truer or kinder companion than Remalia was. And the effort to be worthy of her, though he said little about it, was the great motive of his life after that bridal evening. They

shared with each other all their problems and worked out the solutions together. Frequently she accompanied him to the forest and there learned the many lessons that nature has to teach. They united in their efforts to benefit others, and became known in a wide circle as the model couple who should be used to convince bachelors that the married state is preferable to that of single independence.

But for all their comradeship, for all their unity of purpose, there was lacking in their life together one element that Zeniff, missing it, thought sometimes would be worth more than all. They never disagreed, but neither did they have that intuitive understanding of each other's very thoughts which had been so delightful a part of his friendship with Velma. They shared all the thoughts that can be expressed in words, and agreed because they were both reasonable, but always the instinctive congeniality was lacking.

Zeniff believed Remalia to be an ideal wife. But they were strangers as soon as they left each other's company for an hour and had to become acquainted again every time they met. When he noted how eager Remalia was to share his interests, how sympathetic she was with his every mood, and how truly she seemed to understand him, Zeniff blamed himself for the lack, and fought harder than ever to forget the winsome memory that kept him from her. And ever, as he strove to forget, he found his mind turning more and more constantly to the land of his birth. It became almost a mania with him, and his whole conversation was colored with comparisons, illustrations and memories of the home land.

One day, when they had been married almost a year, Remalia said softly, "Zeniff, when you are trying to forget something, have you ever used the scheme of simply forcing yourself to think of something else?"

"No, why?" he asked, surprised that

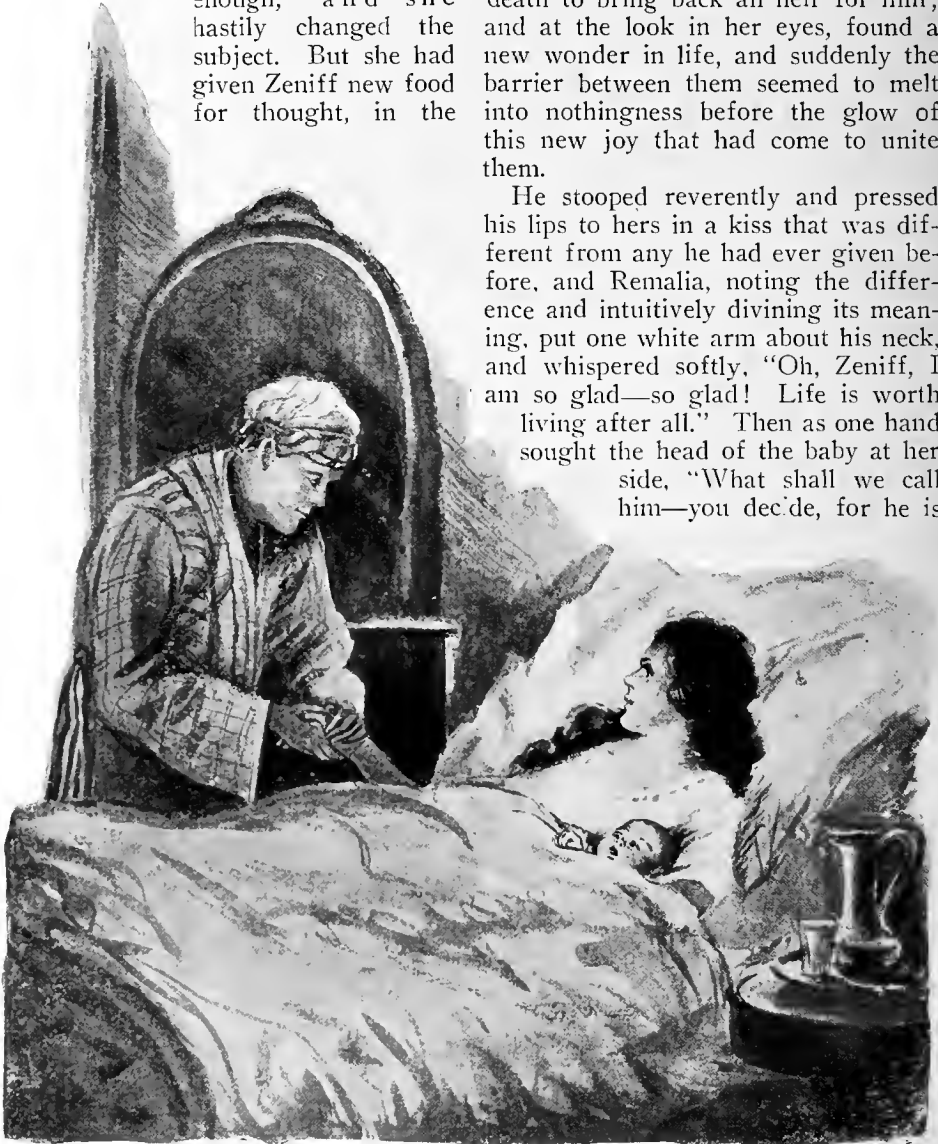
she should have interpreted his thoughts so surely. He was positive that he had said nothing to indicate that he was trying to forget.

"I just wondered," she replied evasively, "if you had ever tried it. I have, very frequently. And it always succeeds—if I persevere in forcing my thoughts into a different channel long enough," and she hastily changed the subject. But she had given Zeniff new food for thought, in the

hint that she, too, had something she wished to forget.

Then came the proud day when she became a mother, and Zeniff, bending over the couch where his first born son lay on its mother's arm, so helpless and yet so full of possibilities, turned his gaze to the white face of the woman who had gone down to the gates of death to bring back an heir for him; and at the look in her eyes, found a new wonder in life, and suddenly the barrier between them seemed to melt into nothingness before the glow of this new joy that had come to unite them.

He stooped reverently and pressed his lips to hers in a kiss that was different from any he had ever given before, and Remalia, noting the difference and intuitively divining its meaning, put one white arm about his neck, and whispered softly, "Oh, Zeniff, I am so glad—so glad! Life is worth living after all." Then as one hand sought the head of the baby at her side, "What shall we call him—you decide, for he is



"HE FOUND A NEW WONDER IN LIFE, AND SUDDENLY THE BARRIER BETWEEN THEM SEEMED TO MELT INTO NOTHINGNESS BEFORE THE GLOW OF THIS NEW JOY THAT HAD COME TO UNITE THEM"

a son." And Zeniff answered the name of a hero they had often admired together. "Noah," he said.

After that there came a change in their relations to each other. Zeniff grew less moody, and more tender in his attitude toward his wife, and she, understanding without words, became less of a guide and counselor and more of a follower to him. With the birth of their son, too, she seemed to lose much of the strong vitality that had marked her girlhood, and became more and more like the white rose he so frequently called her. She still sang the songs of hope and courage they both loved so well, but in her face as she sang and in her eyes when she looked at the child, was an expression that seemed to Zeniff, when he caught it, such as angels must wear; and as time wore on and her face retained its transparent whiteness and her gray eyes seemed to grow larger and more tender than ever, he bitterly regretted that he had not always given her the love that thrilled him now, and sought the opportunity of expressing it so frequently that she was more than content.

"I could not have been so happy now," she told him once, "had I never known what bitterness of sorrow one can taste in this life." And Zeniff

wondered if he were worthy, even yet, of her great trust.

Time sped swiftly when they became so truly united in thought and impulse, and the boy grew sturdy and strong though his mother was so frail it seemed a summer breeze would hurt her, while Zeniff forgot more easily the thoughts of the home land that had used to trouble him. But change is the most certain element in human life, and the change in Zeniff's came with the birth of their second child, a girl.

As Remalia put the child into his arms one day, and he looked at its brown eyes and silken red-gold hair, he did not tell himself that the color of the eyes was the same as his own, or that Remalia's mother had reddish hair. Instead, his imagination pictured a woman whom he had not seen for years, but whose eyes and hair might have easily been the color of his daughter's when she was a baby, and again came the thought that he would once have been overjoyed to call her the mother of his child.

Remalia, reading his thought, whispered, "Call her Velma," and only a little while passed away until she left him alone and went to join her sister angels.

(To be continued.)

Why Can't You Do It?

We have a notion that there is just one reason you can't do it—whatever it is—and that is because you think you can't. It may be an example in arithmetic or building a boat or running a store. If you think you are going to fall down on a job, you *will* fall down on it. On the other hand, if you know you can do it—you *will* do it. Start every job with a confidence that you can get the best of it, and see what happens. Believe in yourself. That is every boy's first duty. First believe in yourself, and then it will be easy to make other folks believe in you."—*American Boy*.

Stepping Stones

By Newel K. Young

XVI. THEN AND NOW

I spent the year 1895 working on a sawmill in the Sierra Madre mountains of northern Mexico. In December of this year, President Francis M. Lyman with Anthony W. Ivins visited the colonies in Mexico for the purpose of organizing the Juarez stake of Zion. Pres. Ivins had been called to go to Mexico and preside over this stake. I was then a youth of eighteen years.

The mill was closing down some ten days or more before Christmas for the holidays. We learned at the mill that the stake had been organized at a conference held at Colonia Juarez, but that Brothers Lyman and Ivins were visiting our mountain settlements. With the fervent zeal of a highly emotional youth, I found myself passionately anxious to hear Apostle Lyman and Pres. Ivins. It took me two days to persuade my friend and comrade, Joe Farr, with whom I was laboring, to go with me to Cave Valley to hear them on their visit there. We had to walk through the mountains much of the way without trail or road, fifteen miles, then run the risk of returning all the way home fifty miles or more on foot.

But having convinced Joe, we took our mid-day lunch and set out. We lost our way and lay out in the mountains without bedding or food. The next morning we soon found our way and arrived early in the day at our destination, only to find that we had been misinformed, and that the brethren had visited Cave Valley two or three days earlier.

Of course I had to find some way to justify what seemed to be a wild goose chase. Being an old friend of most of the people residing here, I soon gathered a jolly crowd and we visited the rather wonderful caves found in

the cliffs surrounding this little valley. This tended to put Joe in a happy frame of mind and to justify me with him.

I was urged by Sister Christopher Heaton to spend the evening at her home with Bro. Heaton's family. Bro. Heaton had recently been foully murdered by Mexican thieves while protecting his property. He had left a large family in the midst of the hard struggle of pioneering in that country. He and his wives were close friends of my parents. I accepted the invitation with something of trembling and fear, for Sister Heaton had made it clear to me that she expected something of comfort and blessing from me.

While I was fully converted to the Gospel and had been active in the classes of our organizations, I had never spoken in a public meeting, nor had I had the advantages of schooling, having never passed through the grades. Yet I was of such a nature that I found it impossible to deny this woman her request, and faced the responsibility. The blessings of the Lord came to us, and after conversing for some time I found myself on my feet addressing this family of sorrowing and heart broken women and children, some of whom were about my own age. All I know of what was said is that I finally saw the worn faces of his wives light up with peace and gladness. And these sisters bore testimony that they were comforted and blessed, and for the first time since Bro. Heaton's death they felt happy and light hearted. Many months after Sister Tiny Heaton told mother that the blessing and comfort given her that night by the words that I had spoken under the inspiration of the Lord, had remained with her.

Twenty years later a great tragedy came to the home of my wife's sister.

Her daughter just entering young womanhood was struck with lightning and killed. They lived in Lyman, Wayne County, fifty miles east of Richfield, the nearest railroad station. At the time, I was with one of my boys and one of my girls thinning beets near Richfield. I could not get over to the funeral, but could not satisfy myself to return home to northern Utah without going to see this sorrowing sister. I had heard that she was grieving very sorely and could not be comforted. I hired a team and buggy and with my son Newel drove fifty miles over the mountain to their home. I spent Sunday and Monday with them, the one day in worship and the other up the creek fishing.

Tuesday morning before going home I asked this sister's husband, Bishop Archie Olroyd to join me in giving his wife, Theda, the blessing. I had come to their home to give her. The Lord shared his spirit with us abundantly and this sorrowing mother was greatly blessed. She testified

that her mind was satisfied and her broken heart largely healed. And though years have gone this mother still gives her testimony that the blessing of that hour has remained with her to strengthen and make happy.

As I look back over both experiences I cannot but feel that the Lord was quite ready and just as able to bless me in my boyhood as in my manhood with his word and spirit as they were needed. So I add my testimony to that of the many of the Lord's servants who have been blessed by Him in their boyhood to minister for the salvation or comfort of His children. And I feel sure that wherever there is a soul in need the Lord is ready to hear and answer the prayers of any such or of their friends for them, even as he blessed ancient Israel through His servant:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The Light

"I am the light of the world."—Jesus.

Gently guide me Heavenly Light
While in this vale of tears;
Teach me the ways of truth and right
And calm my human fears.
I've left, dear Lord, thy quick'ning
power,
I know that Thou art good;
Preserve me Father every hour
From sin's o'erwhelming flood.

Should darkness fall upon my way,
Be Thou my guiding star,
That I may view the shining ray,
Still beaming from afar.
In times of trouble, pain and woe,
Help me Lord my cross to bear,
That through thy mercies I may know
Thou, Father, answerest prayer.

When I shall draw my latest breath
And render back this clay,
Be with me Lord in hours of death
To teach my soul the way.
Then waft me by thy boundless love
To an immortal sphere,
Where I may dwell with Saints above
One endless peaceful year.

Geo. A. Hicks,
Spanish Fork.

Little Stories of Married Life

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

I—THE FULL NEST

Mr. Joyce returned to his home to find his large and capable wife in hysterics on the bed. In one hand she held a bottle of smelling salts while in the other she clutched a long white envelope.

"Why, what's the matter, Kate?" he asked sympathetically.

"George has been called on a mission," she moaned.

"Well," he brightened, "Where to?" "South Africa."

Mr. Joyce whistled. "I'll say that's some mission. Is that all?"

"All! With Frank just appointed to Annapolis and now my oldest boy going to darkest Africa inhabited by savages." The mother had braced herself for her second son's departure. He was just going away to school. The appointment to the naval academy, through a United States Senator, was a great honor. Besides, she felt pride in being the mother of a son who had successfully passed both the rigid mental and physical tests for the place. Even then she would wake up with horror in the night when she thought of her boy on big ships sailing strange seas.

Mr. Joyce laughed. "South Africa is quite civilized. I guess the missionaries just go to the whites, Dutch and English. I thought that George would be called on a mission some day and I am glad that it has come while he is young and free. Aside from the splendor of preaching the gospel, it will be the making of George. The missionary always converts himself. South Africa! Why it's half around the world. He can go one way and come home the other—circumnavigate the globe. When I was chore boy in Dobb's grocery—sorting carrots and keeping the herring and salt pork and

coal oil from touching each other—if I'd had a chance like that I'd have felt like Monte Cristo, that the world was mine."

He reached over and took his wife's plump hand.

"Do you remember, Kate, when we were first married, how we used to watch the nest in the box elder tree back of the house? When the birdlings got big the parent-birds pushed them out of the nest to teach them to fly. We can not keep our children with us always. When they are grown it is the brave thing to let them go—to make their own nest, live their own lives, and carry on the race. By the way, Oscar Strous was in to see me this afternoon."

Mrs. Joyce shrieked and dived into the pillows. "He wants Kathleen!"

"We have all known for some time that he wanted Kathleen. The point is he wants her now."

"Then let him wait."

"Oscar isn't the waiting kind. Besides, he claims he has waited. He wanted to marry her before he went to war, but we persuaded him that it wouldn't be quite fair to her. Oscar is in love with Kathleen, but he is also in love with the idea of getting married, of settling down, making a home. He went into all his plans with me in a straightforward manner. He has saved a thousand dollars. It isn't much these days, but the man who can save his first thousand can usually make more. He wants to homestead a section of land down in San Juan County—some that the government has thrown open to returned soldiers. Six hundred and forty acres, which they can get under the grazing act, is some homesite: in olden times it would have been considered a principality.

"My tenderly reared girl to go down into that desert!"

"If she's her mother's daughter she will make the 'wilderness a paradise now.'"

Mrs. Joyce flushed under her husband's gaze, for their romance had not died out in spite of life's vicissitudes.

"It will be lonely and dangerous."

"If they truly love each other, creating a home in a new country will draw them closer together. Besides," he smiled whimsically, "I can send them a supply of canned goods and you can keep a wary eye on their flannels."

"Do you remember a book that we read called *The Fear of Living*, about French people who kept their children by them, for fear that they'd get hurt, and spoiled their lives? I may be old fashioned but I still think that the finest career open to a woman is matrimony, to be the wife of a good man, the mother of children, the mistress of a home. Some of the loveliest women do not find their mate and they have to choose among the other careers. Kathleen will be twenty three her next birthday. She is still in the

bloom of girlhood, yet old enough to have some sense. Oscar is honest, industrious, and clean. He wants to get down there this spring to get things in shape this summer. Do you think that we should stand in their way?"

"One can see that Oscar has won you over. Do you realize, Dave, that we will lose three of our children at once?"

"We still have Benny."

"He is interested in nothing but base ball."

"And Gloria. Most people would think they were rich with Gloria."

Their eyes met. All pink and white and gold and goodness, Gloria was all that her name implied, for she had been the sunshine of the house since her advent in it eight years before.

Mr. Joyce got out his check book, panacea of many domestic ills.

He poised his fountain pen suggestively above it.

"Come mother, if we're going to have a wedding I guess that you will want some things."

Mrs. Joyce, in the contemplation of wedding finery, sat up and wiped her eyes.

Birds

By Josephine Spencer

So closely every morning
Outside the window sill
At daylight's silver warning
The birds begin to trill.

The tree tops are the cities
Whose branches, builded through,
Home scores of wondrous ditties
That make the world seem new.

Some tiny light rays creeping
Amid the lacing leaves
Wake all the bird folk sleeping
Under their nesting eaves.

And then with chirp and twitter
Each answering, feathered throat
Through all the leaves a-flutter
Sounds out its morning note.

In every home nest builded
Along those leafy streets
A life, with song gift gilded
The coming sunrise greets.

Listen and hear the chorus
Their silver voices raise—
A daily anthem for us
In their Creator's pratse.



ALTA SUNDAY SCHOOL
Branch of Treasureton Ward, Onedia Stake.

A Mountain Sunday School

Hidden away in the tops of the mountains north of Preston, in Onedia Stake, is a little community that deserves honorable mention at least. A few years ago some of the leaders of that community asked that a Sunday School be organized for the benefit of their own and their neighbors' children. The school was given the name of Alta. It is a branch of the Treasureton ward.

Although the families are widely

scattered over a mountainous territory, where the snow falls three or four feet deep in winter, the school has made a wonderful record. The average attendance of members was 90 per cent, and the average attendance of officers was 100 per cent. They have no regular meetinghouse. Sometimes the school is held in the little school building and sometimes the home of Charlie Johnson, the Pioneer of Stock Valley, is used. In the winter time, one going into the Alta territory could easily imagine that he was in some remote part of Siberia, as all fences are practically obliterated by the snow. The ward teachers of Treasureton Ward have had to use snow shoes in order to make their visit to the homes of the mountain people.

Alta Sunday School made an enviable record last year and seems to be repeating it this year. The officers are anxious to succeed; the people determined to support them. Such records are inspiring.

—H. R. Merrill.



HOME OF CHARLIE JOHNSON
STOCK VALLEY RANCH



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND

The Sabbath Day

Minnie Iverson Hodapp

The night-time softly fades away,
New dawns the beauteous Sabbath Day,
We lay aside each common pleasure,
And seek the gem of Wisdom's Treasure.

How sweet to meet in one accord,
And hear the message of the Lord;
To feel how truly doth He love us,
Our Father kind in Heaven above us.

A holy gladness doth impart
Its favor to each earnest heart,
The precepts of our faith instilling
With gentle spirit firm and willing.

How softly doth thy music swell!
How blithely chimes the silv'ry bell,
In unison of worship blending!
How rich in precious thoughts attending!

How blest are those that love the Lord!
The gracious sunshine of His word
Doth send a flood of radiance o'er them,
To brighten up the path before them.

How beautiful to know and feel
These truths h's spirit's power reveal
In wisdom's ways, sublime and lowly,
Remembering the Sabbath Holy!

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY, - MARCH, 1922

The Spirit of Our Conventions

In this day of skepticism and doubt, when the world is said to be topsy-turvy, and things religious supposed to be "going to the dogs," the spirit and enthusiasm of our Sunday School Conventions have been most electrifying. The attendance has exceeded all expectation, the percentage of workers in the majority of the nine stakes

so far reported running well up into the 90's—one stake actually producing one hundred per cent of the 308 enrolled officers and teachers. The average for the nine stakes was 81%. The workers did not attend merely to hear a brief lecture but spent the entire day in discussing Sunday School problems. What is most encouraging, too, is the fact that the great majority of those participating were young men and women. Had those who say that the belief of the Latter-day Saints is waning, and that the third and fourth generations are departing from the faith, been present to witness the proceedings they would have been astonished at the enthusiasm, energy, and efficiency of these splendid Sunday School teachers, and their estimates of conditions would have needed revision. Our meetings were in strong contrast to the empty churches complained of by many ministers. Again, these inspiring gatherings are but an earnest of the increased activity noticed in the local schools where the attendance has exceeded that of any previous year.

Surely the Lord has brought about a "marvelous work and a wonder," for no man-made system could inspire such loyalty and devotion at a time like the present. It is but another striking evidence of the vitality of "Mormonism" and should increase the faith and confidence of our Sunday School workers in the great Latter-day work.

"If I Only had the Time"

Some boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time, which others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies which others disdain to practice. What young man is too

busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement?

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must take it.

If a genius like Gladstone carried a little book in his pocket lest an unexpected moment should slip from his grasp, what should we, of common abilities, resort to to save the precious moments from oblivion?

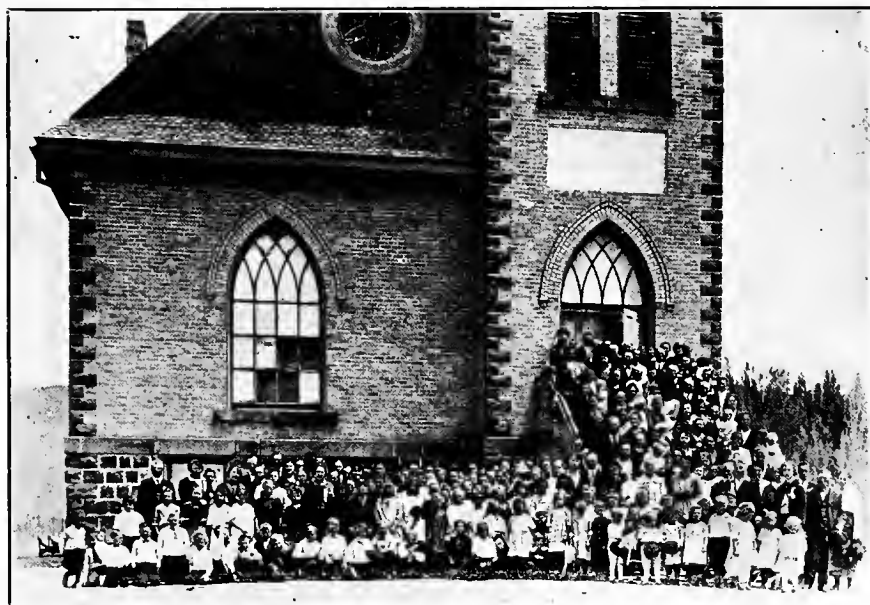
"Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," was the motto of a Scottish editor.

Drive the minutes, or they will drive you. Success in life is what Garfield called a questions of "margins." Tell me how a young man uses the little ragged edges of time while waiting for meals or tardy appointments, after his day's work is done, or evenings—what opportunities!—and I will tell

you what that man's success will be. One can usually tell by his manner, the direction of the wrinkles in his forehead, the expression of his eyes, whether he has been in the habit of using his time to good advantage or not.

"The most valuable of all possessions is time: life itself is measured by it." The man who loses no time doubles his life. Wasting time is wasting life. Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. The precious half-hour a day which many of us throw away, rightly used, would save us from the ignorance which mortifies us, the narrowness and pettiness which always attend exclusive application to our calling.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity—*Success.*



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF GLENWOOD, UTAH

Henry Peterson, Supt; Albert Oldroyd, first assistant; Thorald C. Jensen, second assistant; Virginia Rickenbach, secretary and treasurer; H. H. Bell, chorister; Bessie Nielson, organist; Hildred Nielson and Gwendolyn Domgaard, librarians.



SIGNS *of the* TIMES



By J.M. Sjodahl

THE ARMS CONFERENCE ENDED

The international conference for limitation of armaments passed into history Feb. 6, when the closing sessions were held, and the treaties drawn up—seven in number—were sent to the U. S. senate, Feb. 10, for ratification.

As one result of that conference the people of the United States and Great Britain have, I believe, come to realize, more than ever, that their loftiest ideals are a common inheritance and that their vital interests are identical. They have also learned, during the last few years, that by co-operation they can very nearly control the course of the nations of the world, and that lesson cannot be lost.

FRANCE NOT PLEASED

France is not entirely satisfied with the work done. Her national pride was touched when she found herself placed in the same class as Japan in the matter of the naval ratio, and no less when she was ignored in the negotiations of the Anglo-American-Japanese Pacific treaty until the document was ready for signatures. Such alleged slights formed a rocky pile on which M. Briand stumbled and fell. The new French government has gone out of its way to state its purpose to adhere to the Versailles treaty—a declaration which may be a gentle hint to what the Paris *Temps* calls the "British-American-Japanese consortium," that the League of Nations is still in existence.

JAPAN'S ATTITUDE

Japan has made it clear that she is determined to remain in Manchuria, and also in Siberia until conditions

warrant the withdrawal of her troops. That is exactly the attitude she assumed at Versailles with regard to Shantung. It is, it has been pointed out, the very attitude of imperial Germany at the time of the Hague congresses in 1899 and 1907, which also dealt with limitation of armaments, the rights of neutrals, etc.

AN INFLUENCE FOR PEACE

But I believe the congress just closed will, in spite of all, have an influence for peace. The powers represented have left the council table with an understanding that they will "consult" among themselves when troubles threaten; they have agreed to hold another conference on naval armaments eight years hence; they have created commissions to revise the rules of warfare and to attend to other minor questions. All this makes for peace.

Then, the churches of the world are being aroused to take an interest in these problems. Next August an international religious congress will meet at Copenhagen. Churchmen from all parts of the world will attend, and they will be asked to organize international religious forces to help preserve the results of the Washington conference.

BENEDICT DEAD, NEW POPE ELECTED

Pope Benedict XV. passed away in his sumptuous palace in Rome, Jan. 22. Cardinal Achille Ratti, archbishop of Milan, was elected his successor, Feb. 6. He has taken the name of Pius XI. The American cardinals, O'Connell of Boston and Dougherty of Philadelphia, and the Canadian prelate Begin of Quebec, arrived too late for

the vote but not for the so-called coronation of his holiness, Feb. 12.

The election of a pope is an expensive procedure. The conclave that elected Benedict XV. is said to have cost the papal treasury 800,000 lire. At that rate the election of Pius XI. has been estimated to mean an outlay of 2,000,000 lire. (London dispatch, Jan. 25. The value of the lire is the same as that of the franc, very nearly 20 cents, pre-war rate.)

THE ROMAN HIERARCHY

A few observations on the Roman hierarchy may be timely. The pope, as the bishop of Rome, stands at the head of the church, for as the successor of St. Peter he claims to be the vicar of Christ, and his vicegerent on earth. The pope is the gentle Moses the head, while the cardinals are the "seventy elders," the judges of Israel, under him.

There are three degrees of cardinals, viz., cardinal bishops, cardinal priests, and cardinal deacons.

To a member of our Church these three classes would suggest that the cardinals hold the Aaronic Priesthood; that is, if they had been ordained, as we understand it, by divine authority.

The creation of the office of cardinal was a late afterthought in the Roman church. The bishop of Rome, when his business increased, called in other bishops to assist him in the performance of his episcopal functions. They became known as cardinal bishops. Clergymen attached to important churches, such as those at Constantinople, Milan, Ravenna, Naples, etc., were charged with the duty of looking after the priests in their districts and to settle disputes. These were soon referred to as cardinal priests. For the care of the poor, Rome very early was divided into seven districts, each presided over by a deacon, who, in due time, was honored by receiving the title of cardinal deacon. The institution

grew. In 1587 the number was placed at 70: Six cardinal bishops, 50 cardinal priests, and 14 cardinal deacons.

To begin with, they were merely assistants and counselors, but in accordance with a decree of Pope Nicholas II., they took charge of the election of popes, and of the church government when the papal throne was vacant. Now they out-rank both bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs. They claim to be the successors of the apostles, though the council of apostles consisted of only twelve, agreeing with the number of the twelve tribes of Israel, while there are 70 cardinals, when the quorum is complete.

THE POPES AND ST. PETER

Roman Catholics claim the Apostle Peter was the founder of the church in the city of Rome; that he was the bishop of that church and presided over it for 25 years, and that his successors also succeeded him as the head of the entire church. Pius XI. is supposed to be the 160th pope in direct line of succession from Peter. His position and authority depend entirely on the truth of the connection of St. Peter with the early church of Rome.

Now, as a matter of fact, it has never been proved that Peter ever was in Rome. He may have been there. In all probability he suffered martyrdom there during the reign of Nero, but there is no certain, historical evidence of this supposition. It is absolutely certain that he was not the founder of the church in Rome; nor did he live there for twenty-five years or any such length of time. Church historians mention Linus as the first bishop of Rome. I am aware that Irenaeus, who is said to have visited Rome in the year 177, is quoted as having said that Peter and Paul handed the episcopate to Linus, and that Romanists understand this to mean that Linus *succeeded* Peter, the apostle, in the bishopric! But that is absurd.

It is more probable that the two apostles, if they were in Rome at the same time, *confirmed* the bishopric on Linus. It is also certain that, though the bishops of Rome very early claimed supremacy over other bishops, their claims were strenuously opposed for centuries, and that the supremacy of the Roman pontiff was not fully established until after the death of Pope Gregory the Great, more than five hundred years after the time of Peter. And that is a story of its own.

SUPREMACY OF ROME BY IMPERIAL EDICT

In the year 603 Gregory sent one of his deacons, later Pope Boniface III., to Constantinople, to represent him at the imperial court. There was a revolution, and the emperor, Maurice, fled. One of his traitorous generals, Phocas, seized the throne. Emperor Maurice and his family were murdered, as were the Russian czar and his family a few years ago. The papal delegate gave his support to Phocas, and when he, in 607, was elevated to the papal throne, the usurper of imperial power returned the compliment. At the request of Boniface, Phocas issued the famous decree against Cyriacus, the bishop of Constantinople, who disputed the claims of the Roman pontiff, in which he declared that "the see of blessed Peter, the apostle, should be the head of all the churches" and that the title of "universal bishop" belonged exclusively to the bishop of Rome.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA

The reports from the famine-stricken districts in Russia are sickening. On Jan. 30, Fridtjof Nansen declared that millions were doomed to die of hunger

in that afflicted country. He said cannibalism had come to Russia to stay until the people could find other food. Since then the Associated Press has reported that when the snow melts in the spring the Russian steppes will be found strewn with skeletons and bones of men and animals. From Perm and Ekaterinburg to the Caspian sea, death is stalking over the steppes. Russians, Cossacks, Kalmucks, Kirghiz and Tartars are the victims. Families drift apart and wander aimlessly on to their inevitable fate. Human instincts are lost, and they become little better than beasts. In reading these accounts we can almost see before us a picture of this continent after the disasters that overtook the Jaredites, of whom we read that "their bones should become as heaps of earth upon the face of the land," unless they should repent—a prediction that has been fulfilled literally.

The world is sorely afflicted at this time. Famine and pestilence are sweeping the inhabitants of many countries into eternity. This is in accordance with the prophecies uttered in our dispensation: "For a devastating scourge shall go forth among the inhabitants of the earth, and shall continue to be poured out from time to time, if they repent not, until the earth is empty and the inhabitants thereof are consumed away and utterly destroyed by the brightness of his coming" (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 5:19.) The calamities that are being poured out upon the earth, have thus been foreseen and foretold. And now that we are witnesses to the truth of the prophetic word, we are prompted by that testimony to look also for the speedy coming of our Lord in power and glory.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

MARGUERITE FLAMM



SACRAMENT GEM FOR MAY, 1922

I come to Thee all penitent,
I feel Thy love for me.
Dear Savior, in this Sacrament
I do remember Thee.

Note—This Sacrament Gem should be rehearsed in class rooms, far enough in advance to insure its perfect rendition in the general assembly during May.

Postlude



CONCERT RECITATION FOR MAY, 1922

John 16:13

“Howbeit when he, the spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.”

Uniform Fast Day Lesson for May

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

This Fast Day lesson should be called to the attention of all classes a week before Fast Day, and the assignment should be carefully made. A few thoughts to stimulate thinking through the week should certainly be given.

Suggestions to teachers:

Since there is much haziness as to the mission of the Holy Ghost, teachers would do well to introduce the subject that without receiving its aid man, naturally prone to sin, cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. There can be no other interpretation put upon the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This is because the Holy Ghost is the great teacher. The world cannot receive this Spirit. "He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance. (See John 14:16-26.) "He shall testify of me," says Jesus (John 15:26.) The Holy Ghost is for the life of man what the sunshine is to the life of the plant. Without light the plant grows pale and finally dies. In the presence of light, it grows a healthy green and flowers. Nature in the physical closely parallels the spiritual.

Since without the companionship of the Holy Ghost, man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, how may he get it? The scriptures are very plain. Peter in the key note discourse of the Apostolic Age, in answer to the question as to how man might be saved, replied: "Repent and be baptized everyone of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is to you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." (See Acts 2:37-39.)

The apostles of our Savior, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, were indeed men "born again." In boldness they set about to convert the world. After Philip had baptized the Samaritans, Peter and John had to go there to confer the Holy Ghost. This they did by the laying on of hands (See Acts 8:14-17.) When Paul found certain disciples of John at Ephesus who knew nothing of the office of the Holy Ghost, he baptized them and laid hands on them. Through this ordinance the Holy Ghost came upon them and its fruits were forthwith man-

ifest, for they spoke with tongues and prophesied.

In this dispensation the Prophet Joseph was instructed as to the manner of conferring the Holy Ghost. "And whoso having faith you shall confirm in my Church by the laying on of hands, and I will bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost upon them (Doc. and Cov. 33:15, Sec. 20:41.)

This is God's plan. Only those who follow it may hope for the illuminating power of the Holy Ghost without which salvation in the Celestial Kingdom cannot be gained.

Program for Mother's Day

May 14, 1922

1. Preliminary organ music.
2. Abstract of minutes.
3. Notices.
4. Appropriate song.
5. Prayer.
6. Song.
7. Sacrament Gem.
8. Administration of Sacrament.
9. Concert Recitation (Exodus 20:12, or other appropriate selection.)
10. Presentation of carnations, booklets or other souvenirs to Mothers.
11. Recitation by School.
12. Song by Kindergarten Department.
13. A tribute to Mother.
14. Reading.
15. Song.
16. Reading or brief address by a mother.
17. Remarks.
18. Singing.
19. Benediction.

Note. The above is only a brief outline of a program for "Mother's Day." In preparing the full details consult *Juvenile Instructor* for April, 1917, p. 194; April, 1918, p. 188; March, 1919, pp. 132, 133; March, 1920, p. 126; March, 1921, p. 33; May, 1921, pp. 234-236.

New Booklet for Mother's Day

The Deseret Book Company is preparing a very attractive booklet for "Mothers' Day." This booklet will contain a number of carefully selected poems appropriate for the occasion. The whole thing will be attractively bound in a paper cover printed in colors. They will be priced so that every Sunday School can afford to give one to every Mother who attends Sunday School on "Mother's Day."

We suggest that the Superintendents get in touch with the Deseret Book Company for the number of copies they want for their Sunday School.

SECRETARIES' DEPARTMENT

Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary

Face The Facts

There is a tendency among some compilers and users of statistics to misuse them. The commonest form of misuse is exaggeration. Some people seem to think that statistics exist for no other purpose than to reveal some alarming or extraordinary condition. Such people are not satisfied to use statistics unless they can find something sensational about them which can be magnified and made much of. Other misusers of statistics shave them down, here a little and there a little, or add a little here and a little there, until they stand out of all proportion to the truth. Such practices are as bad as falsifying or padding entries in financial records.

Financial statements and statistical reports are alike in many respects, particularly in the purpose they are intended to serve. Their fundamental purpose is to keep the persons, interested in an undertaking, fully and accurately informed as to its conditions as well as to the results it obtains. No successful business man permits himself to be deceived by his accounts. He wants to have the facts of his business constantly and squarely before him. People who must depend upon statistics for information as to the condition of the undertaking they are responsible for, cannot afford to do anything other than to bravely face the facts. They are justified in demanding that statistics relating to their affairs truly reflect conditions and that they be not exaggerated in any sense.

Financial records of business concerns are intended, designed and kept for the purpose of showing the degree of solvency or insolvency of the business and to indicate the financial strength or ability of the business. This enables business men to determine upon future policies and thus serve as valuable guides for the conduct of the business.

To Sunday School workers statistics and statistical reports serve the same purposes. People engaged in the Sunday School business will never approach

anything like real success until they have formed the habit of making a close and constant study of their business, using among other things, their statistical records.

Upon secretaries devolves the responsibility for making statistical records which will command and be worthy of respect and attention because of their accuracy, thoroughness and timeliness. The aim of secretaries should then be to make their records "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and tell it when it will count most. Therefore, keep your work timely, have it ready to satisfy all demands made for it. Don't let it get old and cold on your hands. Keep right up to date.

Sunday School Conventions

The ambition of every corps of Sunday School workers in the Stakes in which Conventions have this year been held seems to have been to make the Convention this year the best ever. The spirit and enthusiasm of each Convention supports this idea. A general feeling of satisfaction has been expressed in many forms.

The attendance record shows improvement in every case. Altogether Convention experiences justify considerable optimism and promise results of higher quality than ever before.

An abstract of the interesting attendance records follows:

| Stakes | Per cent of Attendance | *Total Attendance |
|-------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Cottonwood | 87 | 302 |
| Granite | 90 | 622 |
| Box Elder | 76 | 360 |
| Alpine | 81.5 | 431 |
| North Davis | 85 | 215 |
| South Davis | 95 | 240 |
| North Weber | 97 | 335 |
| Ogden | 100 | 308 |
| Weber | 99.7 | 451 |

The average per cent of attendance for these Stakes 81.1—total attendance 3,264.

*This includes local, Stake and general Sunday School workers; ward and Stake Priesthood authorities and all visitors.

MISSIONARY SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

LESSONS FOR MAY, 1922

Theological Department

May 7: Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the gift of the Holy Ghost is received by the laying on of hands? Read suggestions and references to be found in the Superintendents' Department of this magazine.

May 14: Mothers' Day

May 28: Chapters 10 and 11

"Articles of Faith," Talmage, is the text book for the above lessons, and teachers' helps are offered under the Advanced Theological Department of this issue.

Intermediate Department

May 7: Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the gift of the Holy Ghost is received by the laying on of hands? See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.

May 14: Mothers' Day

May 21: Humane Day

It is recommended that the whole school period be devoted to the consideration of this subject.

May 28: Faith and Repentance

Teachers are referred to the Second Intermediate Department of this magazine for helps on the foregoing lessons, the text book for which is "What Jesus Taught," by Widtsoe.

Primary Department

May 7: Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the gift of the Holy Ghost is received by the laying on of hands? As children are entitled to this wonderful gift of the Father during the Primary department age, we urge teachers to take advantage of this splendid opportunity of teaching and making clear to them this splendid principle and ordinance of the gospel. Read the suggestions offered on this subject in the Primary Department, page 151 of this magazine, and make such careful, prayerful preparation for its presentation to your class, that those children who have received it will have a higher appreciation of it than ever before, and those who have not received it, have born

in their very souls an earnest desire to obtain it.

May 14: Mothers' Day

May 21: Humane Day

A proper treatment of this subject, to which it is expected the whole school period will be devoted, should prove to be a step toward that time all look forward to when there shall be "peace on earth" and enmity between men and beast be ended.

See to it that your children leave the school with a stronger determination to recognize the right of the animal kingdom "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than ever before.

May 28: Healing the Centurion's Servant

It will be remembered that the lessons for this Department are taken from "Stories from the Life of Christ" published by the General Board, where detailed suggestions and teachers' helps are given in addition to the stories.

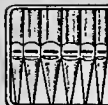
Notes from the Missions

Annual reports from Mission Sunday Schools are coming in—the first, which came some time ago, being from the South African Mission—and show encouraging results.

A very pleasing feature is the large number of non-members of the Church in attendance. Mission Presidents and Traveling Elders are recognizing more and more the splendid missionary force to be found in the Sunday School, which not only draws under its influence many honest hearts searching for truth, and children attracted by the sweet singing and spiritual influence found therein, but it has become a strong factor in fitting workers for positions of presidency and other priesthood duties in other Church activities.

Word reaches us from the Southern States Mission that in one of the branches where the Sunday School had been the nucleus around which the branch was built up, had grown to such an extent that it looked as though they would have to purchase a gospel tent in which to hold the School.

When we read of monthly Union Meetings of all officers and teachers of organizations being held in the Brooklyn Branch, and prayer meetings preceding the general assembly of the Sunday School each week, we rejoice, for these things we know make for greater spirituality and efficiency.



CHORISTERS' and ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT



Joseph Ballantyne, Chairman; Edward P. Kimball and Tracy Y. Cannon

COURSE FOR ORGANISTS

By Tracy Y. Cannon

Lesson VI. The Glissando Use of the Thumb

The instructions on page 12 of the Organ Method should be studied until they are thoroughly understood, as the ability to slide the thumb from one white key to another in such a manner that there is neither a break between the tones nor an overlapping, is an exceeding useful aid to smooth playing. In fact, legato octave playing and the smooth playing of sixths by small hands are practically impossible without the use of this device.

After a thorough understanding is obtained of the theory of thumb glissando, practice exercise 20 as follows: Depress C on the edge of the key with the second joint of the thumb. Let the thumb point slightly upward and towards B. Now quickly depress B with the first joint of the thumb, releasing C at the very moment B is depressed, thereby causing a perfect connection between the two tones. Now silently transfer the pressure from the first to the second joint of the thumb and raise the tip of the thumb in preparation for the playing of A. Con-

tinue this method throughout the exercise.

In playing sixths (Exercise 21) it will be necessary to change from the fourth to the fifth finger as well as giving thought to the thumb. But by careful attention to these details it will soon become easy to play sixths perfectly legato. Because of the greater stretch, octaves are more difficult, especially for small hands.

Practice all the exercises on pages 12, 13, 14 and 15 and master the instructions there given. Watch for the notes that are sustained through two or more chords such as occur in measure 3, exercise 22. The plans of fingering given in exercise 25 and 26 are well worth memorizing. It is imperative that the rests in exercise 29 be strictly observed. Study also all the material on pages 18, 19 and 20 applying the various principles of technic thus far learned.

Special Fast Day Song for February

An excellent song to fit in with the Fast Day lesson is "Dearest Children." Choristers, before it is sung, should read to the school the last verse, "Children, God delights to teach you by His Holy Spirit's voice," etc. Explain it briefly and sing with fervor.



PARENTS' DEPARTMENT



Howard R. Driggs, Chairman; N. T. Porter, Henry H. Rolapp, E. G. Gowans, Seymour B. Young, Charles H. Hart, and George N. Child

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 7, 1922

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

Reference: Uniform Fast Day Lesson for May as given in the Superintendents' Department.

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922

Mother's Day Exercises

Third and Fourth Sundays, May 21 and 28

(Time may be used for Genealogical lessons or consideration of local subjects. The regular lessons will be resumed in June).



THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT



John M. Mills, Chairman; Geo. H. Wallace, and Robert L. Judd

Second Year—Great Biblical Characters

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 7, 1922

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922

Mothers' Day

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922

I

Note: The lessons for this month and next are covered by outlines instead of narrative statements. The department would appreciate any suggestions as to which is the preferable way of treating this year's subject matter.

Moses: Birth and Early Manhood.

Time: Probably latter part of 16th and early part of 15th Centuries, B. C.

Place: Egypt and Midian.

Text: Exodus, chapters 1-4.

Aim: God will protect and succor those who make sacrifices to serve him.

I. Conditions at the time of the birth of Moses.

1. Israelites increase alarmingly.

2. The king's precautions to limit the number of male children among the Israelites.

a. Instructions to midwives.

b. Order that boy babies be drowned.

3. Moses' birth, concealment, and final adoption by Pharaoh's daughter.

II. Probable training and education of Moses.

1. Reared in Pharaoh's palace, educated as the son of the daughter of the king.

2. Josephus says he was a successful and brilliant military leader.

3. Probably had all the privileges and temptation of a prince in a royal household but he was always true to his people, to the mission for which God had rescued him.

(Dr. Lord says: "What a career did the son of the Hebrew bondwoman probably lead in the palaces of Memphis, sitting at the monarch's table; feted as a conqueror, adopted as grandson and perhaps heir. A proficient in all the arts of the most civilized nation on earth, discoursing

with the most accomplished of his peers, on the wonders of magical enchantment, the hidden meaning of religious rites, and even the being and attributes of a supreme God. * * * But whether in pleasure or honor, the soul of Moses, fortified by the maternal instructions of his earlier days—for his mother was doubtless a good as well as a brave woman—soars beyond his circumstances and he seeks to avenge the wrongs of his brethren")

III. The period of waiting and of discipline.

1. He impulsively slays an Egyptian who is beating a Hebrew and for safety leaves Egypt.

2. For forty years he is a shepherd in the land of Midian. (Here in this rugged land, away from courts and cities he communed with God—completing his worldly wisdom with spiritual knowledge. Here he is supposed to have written the book of Genesis.)

IV. God calls him to deliver his people. (Moses had been protected in childhood by divine power, and had proved himself true to his convictions both in the temptations of luxury and courtly life and in the monotony and hardship is given signs to convince him.

1. God speaks to Moses from the burning bush.

2. Moses is modest and reluctant and is given signs to convince him.

3. Aaron is provided as a spokesman.

Application: Consider the leaders in this dispensation who served long periods of preparation before being called to their great work. Are there men in the Quorum of the Twelve who spent long years in acquiring the knowledge of men before being called to this sacred position?

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

II

Note: This lesson is divided into two sub-divisions because of the distinctive subject matter treated in each sub-division.

Moses: The deliverer of the Israelites and leader in wilderness.

Time: Probably 15th Century B. C.

Place: Egypt.

Text: Exodus Chapters 5-12.

Aim: A servant of God will surely succeed if he is persistently obedient to the commandments of the Lord.

I. Pharaoh refuses to let the children of Israel go, and even increases their burdens.

II. Moses, never discouraged, appeals to Pharaoh again and again to let the Israelites go, each request being followed by a scourge, but Pharaoh constantly refuses.

III. The Israelites commanded to go, after the death of the firstborn.

Note: Not only were the Israelites allowed to go, but they were permitted to take their children, their flocks, and much personal property of the Egyptians.

Place: Peninsula of Sinai (Arabia) and Land of Edom.

Text: The entire account of the wanderings of the Israelites is much too long for one lesson. Representative incidents are selected and the text for each is indicated in the body of the outline.

Aim: God is merciful to forgive a people's idolatry and wickedness if the people will listen to the prophet's warning and repent.

I. The Israelites complain against Moses, as soon as they are out of Egypt, but Moses comforts them and God protects them from the Egyptians (Exodus 14: 5-31).

II. The Israelites complain of hunger and thirst and are mercifully given food and drink. Exodus 16:1-31 and 17:1-7.

III. The people even revert to idolatry while Moses is on the Mount conferring with God (Exodus 32:1-24).

(Even though Moses lost patience and God Himself seems to have been angry yet there was sufficient repentance to warrant forgiveness for the majority, and they were still the chosen people of God.)

III

Moses: The Orator and Statesman.

Time: 15th Century B. C.

Place: Peninsula of Sinai and the Land of Moab.

Text: (A member of different texts are indicated in the body of the outline.)

Aim: Obedience to the servants of the Lord leads to spiritual happiness and temporal prosperity.

I. As a statesman and law-giver Moses has probably exercised a greater influence than any other character except Jesus.

1. The Ten Commandments embrace the principles of primary law, and these principles are accepted not only by Christians but by Mohommedan Nations, as well (Exodus 20:3-17.)

2. Many of the laws of Moses are decidedly practical and humane.
a. Charity for the poor. Lev. 19:9-10. Lev. 25:35-46.

b. Equalization of wealth. Redemp-

tion of land and of servants. Lev. 25:1-34 and 47-55.

II. Moses presented religious truths in the form of wonderful orations.

(The Book of Deuteronomy comprises chiefly four orations by Moses. The fourth one is contained in Chapters 29-30. Dr. Richard Green Moulton says: "When I was a beginner in literary studies I recollect setting myself as an exercise to read through on three successive days each at a single setting an oration of Demosthenes, one of Burke, and The Book of Deuteronomy. * * * I well recollect the feeling I had at the time that neither of the other two rose to the oratorical level of Moses.")

Note: In closing the discussion of Moses, it would be impressive to have some good reader read to the class the poem, "The Burial of Moses," by Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander. It may be found in "Choice Readings" by Cummock, as well as in several other volumes of readings.

Application: See the address by President Grant published in Mutual Improvement Era for January, 1922. Note the combination of profound religious truth and keen practical wisdom. Compare with teachings of Moses.

Advanced Theological WORK FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 7, 1922

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922

Mothers' Day Exercises

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922

Subject: Authority, article 5.
Chapter X.

I. Men called of God.

II. The ordination of men to the ministry.

III. Unauthorized ministrations.

IV. Teachers true and false.

V. Divine authority in the present dispensation.

VI. Fore-ordination and pre-existence.

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

Subject: Organization, article 6.
Chapter XI.

I. The primitive church.

II. Apostasy from primitive church.

III. The Restoration.

IV. The priesthood.

V. The auxiliary organizations.



SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT



*Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo. Fairbanks,
T. Albert Hooper and Alfred C. Rees*

Second Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 7, 1922.

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922

Mothers' Day Exercises

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922

Lesson 15. Zeniff, Advocate of Prayer

Memorize:—"I and my people did cry mightily to the Lord that he would deliver us out of the hands of our enemies, for we were awakened to a remembrance of the deliverance of our fathers." Mosiah 9:17.

Teachers, remember it is desired to have pupils become familiar with the Book of Mormon by having them use it in the class. We suggest that you have pupils read aloud to the class the various passages referred to in the outline.

Time: 200 B. C. to about 160 B. C.

Place: Land of Lehi-Nephi.

Text: Mosiah, Chapters 9 and 10.

I. Object of first expedition from Zarahemla.

A. Zeniff's mission as spy.

1. His report and contention

a. Its reception by his ruler.
b. Results.

II. Object of expedition led by Zeniff.

a. Desire for earthly possessions.

b. Did not seek God.

c. Sorely smitten.

Read: Mosiah 9:3.

III. Condition in Land Lehi-Nephi.

a. Zeniff industrious.

b. Teaches people industry and thrift.

c. Prosperity results.

d. Effect of their prosperity upon Lamanites.

e. Lamanites make war.

f. Zeniff in his trouble remembers the Lord.

g. Prayers of his people prevail and victory results.

Read: Mosiah 9:18.

IV. Lamanites again make war.

a. Zeniff prepared with arms.

b. Prepared by faith in the Lord.

c. Stimulates faith in his people.

d. Again victorious.

e. Another peaceful era.

Read: Mosiah 10:19-21.

Suggestions to the Teacher:

Probably the outstanding thought in this lesson is the added faith to the people of Zeniff, as the result of their adversity. This chastisement brought them to a condition of humility and increased their faith. It was by the exercise of this principle that they were saved by Laman.

Query:

Has the adversity, which has come upon the people of our Church been helpful to them?

Have persecutions added to the character of the people?

Has the Lord recognized this increased faith which has come to the Church as a result of outside opposition?

Have we evidences of it in our Church History?

Have any members of the class reasons to believe it?

Give personal experiences by reciting instances.

Teachers will come prepared to tell of specific instances where adversity has come to the people and to individuals in this Church, which has resulted in increased faith. Excellent subject matter will be found in any of our faith-promoting publications.

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

Lesson 16. Abinadi--Fearless Prophet

Time: About 160-150 B. C.

Place: Land of Lehi-Nephi.

Text: Mosiah, Chapters 11 to 17 inclusive.

References: Story of the Book of Mormon, chap. 11; Dictionary of the Book of Mormon, page 9.

Memory Gem: Mosiah 15:20. "The Son reigneth, and hath power over the dead; therefore, he bringeth to pass the resurrection of the dead."

I. King Noah rules as successor to Zeniff.

a. Deposes righteous priests.

b. Appoints arrogant and unrighteous priests.

c. Distorts teaching of Scriptures.

d. Teaches as it pleases Noah.

e. Attacked by Lamanites.

f. Win victory.

g. Boast that it was done in their own strength.

Read: Mosiah 11:19.

II. Abinadi appears.

Read: Mosiah 11:20.

a. Tells people they sin.

b. Calls them to repentance.

Angers Noah and people.

d. Abinadi brought before Noah.

c. Abinadi escapes.

Have the class read Mosiah 11:21-26.

III. Abinadi reappears.

a. Protected by the Lord.

b. Charges priests with distorting truth.

c. Confronts and withstands priests.

d. Teaches law of Lord.

e. Predicts coming of Christ and tells of His Gospel.

f. Tells of crucifixion and triumph over death.

Read: Mosiah 15:1-9.

IV. Abinadi ordered put to death.

a. Continues to preach.

b. Calls people to repentance while he is dying.

c. His last words and plea to his Maker.

Read: Mosiah 17:14-20.

Suggestions to Teachers:

Abinadi was one of the most fearless prophets that we have any record of. It takes real courage to go before any body of people and tell them of their sins, especially when those people are the rulers and leaders of the people and hold the power that Noah and his priests held.

The teachers will find a great opportunity to bring out details with regard to the Mission of Christ, as found in the preachings of Abinadi.

Compare the reception of Abinadi with that of the earlier prophets both of the Bible and the Book of Mormon, also Christ Himself and Joseph Smith. Have the class discuss how our missionaries are received, and how they show courage. Boys and girls can develop courage by acknowledging membership in the Church, and by resisting temptation in face of criticism on part of associates.

Fourth Year—"What Jesus Taught"

First Sunday, May 7, 1922

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922

Mother's Day

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922

Lesson XV

Topic: Handmaid of Faith.

Suggestions to Teachers.

The author has pointed out the case of Baldwin to show that one must actually perform some activity in order to demonstrate one's ability. The mere saying, "I can do it," is not convincing. Teachers can draw out an almost unlimited number of close-by every-day illustrations to drive home that same point. Boys and girls will refer to athletic feats, scholastic attainments, industrial and business successes. Gradually you can bring them over into the field of religious and spiritual development. The thought will fasten itself upon the minds of the class that to succeed in religious endeavors one must do things, as against merely wishing or promising, just as in athletics, school work or any other activity.

Coming to the life of Christ, let them point out how practical He was. He actually did things to demonstrate His sincerity and His Power.

How, then, can Latter-day Saint boys and girls show an active faith? What things can and should they actually do?

Select one of the many appropriate quotations to be memorized.

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

Lesson XVI

Topic: The Meaning of Repentance.

Suggestions to Teachers:

After the class has brought out the principle points in the lesson as presented by the author, find out what they mean by the word "repentance." The closing paragraph in the lesson give in a few words. Have the class analyze and illustrate the definition as given there.

How are you going to make them feel a real urge toward repentance? If repentance means to them a turning away from mistakes and errors, have them show what men and women do in every day business life. If a farmer finds out that he is following wrong lines in his work, what does he do in order to get better crops?

If a business man finds that his book-keeping system is wrong, what does he do?

If an athlete discovers that his method of training is not producing proper results, does he change? These and many

other illustrations can be drawn out from the class.

See if the class has any particular objective in life. What is it? Doubtless to earn a reward of eternal life. What practices in life bring us nearer to that salvation? What practices must be put aside? These are questions for the class. Then they should be able to answer what real value repentance possesses for the boy or girl who practices it, and what influence it has upon the whole Church,

when each member is each day repenting of something that is prejudicial to salvation and happiness.

A fitting conclusion will be to suggest as a daily practice: To sum up our day's work each night. Discover the thing that should be put out of our lives, and resolve to "repent" of it thereafter. In short, suggest a practical system of repentance.

Remember the memory gem.

Perspective

By "*Mormona*"

Each soul that travels time's rough trail
Beholds the mighty peak
Of true ideals, high to scale,
His eager heart would seek.

But round the low trail, lighted dim,
The smaller things of strife,
And fear, and care, appear to him
As mightiest in life.

The little rocks he stumbles o'er,
The snares he must avoid,
And nagging thorns his flesh makes sore,
Of beauty all devoid.

These blot the peaks, their realness doubt.
Till, flashing into view,
Through narrow vistas flaring out,
They rouse his hope anew.

This soul, discouraged, drops his glance,
Content low things to meet;
But that, with resolute advance,
Lifts his, each glimpse to greet.

The one drags out his futile days
Where lurking shadows crawl;
The other mounts the higher ways
Where radiant truth-lights fall.



FIRST-INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT



George M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows, John W. Walker

Second Year—Bible Stories

LESSONS FOR MAY, 1922

First Sunday, May 7, 1922.

Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922

"Mother's Day" Exercises

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922

Lesson 14. The Boy Who Was Sold by His Brothers.

Genesis 37.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." (Matthew 5:10.)

I. Jacob's Twelve Sons.

1. Names of Jacob's sons.

II. Jacob's Love for Joseph.

1. Reasons.

2. Joseph hated by his brethren.

3. Joseph's beautiful coat.

III. Joseph's Dreams.

1. The first dream.

2. Effect upon Joseph's brothers.

3. The second dream.

4. Jacob's comment.

IV. Joseph and His Brethren.

1. Joseph in search of his brothers.

2. He finds them at Dothan.

3. They conspire to take his life.

4. Joseph finds a friend in Reuben.

V. Joseph Sold by His Brethren.

1. Joseph is thrown into a pit.

2. He is taken out and sold to merchants.

VI. How Joseph's Brothers Deceived the Father.

1. Joseph's brothers kill a young goat and dip Joseph's coat in the blood.

2. They return to their father, and show him the garment.

3. Jacob recognizes his son's coat.

4. Jacob mourns for the loss of Joseph.

Questions

How many sons had Jacob? Why did Jacob have greater love for Joseph than for his other sons? How did Jacob show

his love for Joseph? Relate the two dreams that Joseph dreamed. How did Joseph's brothers feel toward him after he had told them his dreams? What did Joseph's father say? Where was Joseph sent by his father? What did Joseph learn when he arrived at Shechem? How did his brothers feel when they saw him coming? What did one of them say? What suggestion did Reuben make? To whom and for how much was Joseph sold? How did Joseph's brothers deceive their father? What do you think of such conduct? What has the Lord said concerning those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake?

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

Lesson 15. Joseph in Prison

Genesis 39, 40.

"For he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Hebrews 13:5.)

I. Joseph in Egypt.

1. Joseph sees strange sights.

2. Joseph is sold to Potiphar.

3. Joseph is given charge of Potiphar's house.

II. Joseph in Prison.

1. Potiphar's wife falsely accuses Joseph.

2. Joseph is cast into prison.

3. He is given charge of the prisoners.

III. Joseph Interprets the Butler's and the Baker's Dreams.

1. Two new prisoners.

2. The baker's and the butler's dreams.

3. Joseph interprets the dreams.

4. The interpretation proves correct.

Questions

Where was Joseph taken by the Ishmaelites? What strange sights did he see in Egypt? To whom was he sold? How did Potiphar treat Joseph? Why was Joseph put in prison? Why was he given charge of the prisoners? By what was he comforted? Relate the butler's dream. How did Joseph know the meaning of the dream? What did Joseph tell the butler? What was the baker's dream? What was Joseph's interpretation? What happened three days later? What promise has the Lord made to His children?

Fourth Year—Lives of the Ancient Apostles

First Sunday, May 7, 1922

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands.

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922

"Mother's Day" Exercises

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922

Lesson 14. A Special Visit to Samaria

References: Acts 6:1-6; 8:5-24.

Aim: Only a righteous heart merits the companionship and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

I. Seven Men Chosen.

1. Reasons.
2. How ordained.
3. Office in the Church.
4. Philip in Samaria.

II. Reason for Peter and John's Visit.

1. To confer the Holy Ghost.
- a. Priesthood required.

III. Simon the Sorcerer.

1. Who he was.
2. His craft.
3. His avariciousness.
4. Rebuked by Peter.
5. His appeal.

Notes.—"While Philip had power to baptize, it would appear that he did not hold that portion of the priesthood which gave him authority to confer the Holy Ghost. On this account, doubtless, the apostles went to Samaria that they might confer the Holy Ghost upon those who had believed the words of Philip; and, having believed, had been baptized, thus complying with the ordinance of the Gospel which follows belief and repentance."

"That signs were to follow the believers and were not necessarily instituted for converting unbelievers, may be gathered from this incident in Samaria. In the case of Simon, however, it appears that his professed conversion resulted because of the miracles, through which he hoped to gain pecuniary benefit, and not because of the faith and repentance that must precede baptism in case the convert truly becomes a member of Christ's Church. The rebuke which Peter administered to him should be a strong lesson, illustrating the necessity of thorough repentance in order that the remission of sins through baptism may prove effectual."—"The Apostolic Age."

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

Lesson 15. At Lydda and Joppa

Reference: Acts 9:32-43; 10.

Aim: He who seeks the Lord in faith shall not go unrewarded.

I. Growth of the Church.

1. Branches visited by Peter.

II. At Lydda.

1. Eneas.
- a. His affliction.
- b. His restoration to health.

III. At Joppa.

1. Tabitha.
- a. Significance of name.
- b. Her devotion and service.
- c. Sickness and death.
- d. Her restoration to life.

IV. Cornelius and Peter.

1. His military position.
2. His popularity.
3. Principles of the Gospel illustrated in conversion of Cornelius.
- a. Inspiration.
- b. Faith.
- c. Repentance.
- d. Baptism.
- e. Holy Ghost.

Note.—"During the life of Christ, the Gospel had been preached mainly to the Jews. After His resurrection He commanded His disciples to preach the Gospel to all nations. Since His ascension, up to this time, it had been preached only to the lost children of the House of Israel, but the time had now come when it should be taken to the gentiles. To Peter was given the special mission of its introduction to them, and his labors were to be followed by Paul, the specially called apostle to the gentiles. Peter himself partook of the feeling that existed among the Jews that association with the gentiles was degrading and polluting. This vision was necessary to convince him that God was no respecter of persons, and that the Savior's injunction: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," was to be literally interpreted. Three times he was told that what God had cleansed he had no right to call unclean. The strength of his Jewish antipathy to association with the gentiles is shown by the fact that notwithstanding the vision he had beheld, it was not until Cornelius had related the visitation of an angel to him that Peter acknowledged that God was no respecter of persons; even after all this, it seems that the manifestation of the Holy Ghost falling upon the gentiles was necessary to convince Peter that they were entitled to baptism."—"The Apostolic Age."



PRIMARY DEPARTMENT



*Chas. B. Felt, chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence S. Horne,
Bessie F. Foster and Mabel Cook*

LESSONS FOR MAY, 1922.

First Sunday, May 7, 1922

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the gift of the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?

Reference: Uniform Fast Day Lesson for February as given in the Superintendents' Department.

The following outline, prepared by Sister Mabel Cook, will no doubt prove very helpful in working out this lesson.

1. Song: "Dearest children God is near you." S. S. Book No. 99. (1st stanza)

2. Prayer. The Lord's prayer in concert.

3. Concert recitation. Sacrament Gem.

4. Lesson: "Why do I believe, etc."

Aim: Through obedience, through faith, repentance and baptism we may receive the wonderful Gift of the Holy Ghost through the laying on of the hands of the Elders.

Point of contact: What happens to our Sunday School boys and girls when they become 8 years old? How many of you are 8 years of age now? How many have been baptized? Who has ever seen any one baptized? Tell us about it.

Statement: The boys and girls who have just been baptized must attend Sacrament meeting on a certain Sunday--which Sunday? What is done to these children at that meeting? All together or one at a time? Who usually blesses them? Who called the Bishop to his position? The Bishop and his counselors, and any others who assist in these blessings hold the priesthood and have the authority to act in the name of our Father in Heaven. These men live good, clean lives, and the Lord loves them and delights to have them lay their hands on the heads of those who have just been baptized so that these children may receive the Gift of the Holy Ghost. We call this being confirmed, and all boys and girls after being baptized are confirmed; that is, have hands laid on their heads to receive the Holy Ghost. Now we should all feel very different after being baptized and confirmed, for this means that we are, indeed, members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and should be from then on very careful of our thoughts and actions

so that this beautiful influence and guide stay with us always.

What would happen to a lovely green plant if you should put it in a dark cellar? Why would it fade and lose its rich green color?

Just as the sun is the light that gives life and strength to the plant, so is the gift of the Holy Ghost the light that gives us spiritual life and strength. It is a little Voice that is always telling us to do right and if we listen to it, we shall be very happy and it will love to stay with us at all times to help us if we are ever in danger or in doubt as to what is the best thing to do.

Isn't it wonderful to think and know that after being baptized and having had hands laid upon our heads to receive the Gift of the Holy Ghost, that we may have this light to guide us, and as we grow older and learn to read the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price, that this same light helps us to understand what we read!

Application: How should we live so that we may always have this light to guide us? Sing to the children: "Let the Holy Spirit Guide" S. S. book No. 94.

Then take up regular lesson for the day.

Lesson 29: Mary and Martha

Text: Luke 10:38-42; John 12:1-18; Mark 14:3-9; Matt. 26:6-13.

Reference: Weed, Chapters 52 and 56.

Aim: The Lord rejoices in those who seek first His kingdom.

Memory Gem: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you."

Pictures: "Christ in the home of Mary and Martha," "Mary anointing Jesus' feet." (Hofmann.)

Outline:

I. The Home in Bethany.

1. Its occupants.
2. Its likely housekeeper.
3. Its frequent visitor.

II. Visit of Jesus.

1. How received.
2. What Martha did for Him.
3. What Mary did for Him.
4. Martha's complaint.

III. Jesus' answer.

IV. His last visit to Bethany--when made?

V. The entertainment.

1. Why given.
2. Guests present.

VI. The anointing.

1. What with.
2. By whom.
3. Reason.
4. Cost 300 pence, or about \$50.

VII. The protest.

1. By whom.
2. What prompted it.

VIII. Acceptance by Jesus.

1. Mary's act approved.
2. Judas rebuked.

Second Sunday, May 14, 1922.

Mothers' Day Exercises

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922.

Lesson 30: Triumphal Entry.

Text: Matt. 21:1-11.

Reference: Weed, Chapter 57.

Aim: Those who study the scriptures are best prepared to recognize God's servants who come among them.

Memory Gem: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

Picture: "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" (Plockhorst.)

Outline:

I. Preparation.

1. Instructions to two of the apostles.

2. The animals brought.

3. Prophecy fulfilled.

11. The Procession.

1. The multitude.
2. Strewing the road.

3. Some who took part in it.

111. The Entry into Jerusalem.

1. All people stared.
2. Jesus acknowledged as a prophet.

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

Lesson 31: The Last Supper

Texts: Matt. 26:17-23; John 13:1-21.

Reference: Weed, Chapter 60.

Time: Four days after the triumphal entry.

Aim: Partaking of the Sacrament gives spiritual strength.

Memory Gem:

"While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake;
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure."

Picture: "The Last Supper" (Leonardo de Vinci.)

Outline:

I. Preparation of the room.

1. Instruction to two of the apostles.

2. "Strewn and ready."--significance.

11. Jesus washes the apostles' feet.

1. "He that is greatest among you let him be least."

111. Administration of the Sacrament.

1. Bread--significance.
2. Water--significance.
3. Importance.

The Bible

The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

—William Cowper.



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT



Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love

Second Year

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 7, 1922

Subject: Fast Day Topic. "Why do I believe that the Gift of the Holy Ghost is received through the laying on of hands?"

Text: Mark 16:16; Mark 1; II Nephi 31:4-21; Moroni 6:1-4; Doc. and Cov. 68:25-27; "Articles of Faith," Talmage Lec. 6, 7, and 8; Matt. 9:18-26; "Jesus the Christ, pp. 121-127, 313-315.

Aim: The Divine Power of the Holy Ghost brings peace, joy and happiness.

I. Opening.

- Gathering of wraps.
- Song practice, "Shine On." (Deseret Sunday School Song Book.)
- Hymn, "Jesus Wants me for a Sunbeam."
- Prayer: Create atmosphere for being happy and thankful for all we have.
- Song: Teachers' choice.
- Rest period: Gathering flowers and taking them to those who are ill.

II. Group Work.

- Memory Gems or Sacrament Gems.
- Lesson.
- Lead children to see that the Holy Ghost brings peace, joy and comfort.
- Relate incidents from your own life, also from the lives of others.
- Let the children tell of how they felt when they had the Elders lay their hands on their heads to bless them.
- If no new story can be found, tell "The Blind Boy from Holland." Lesson 24 from Sunday morning in the Kindergarten, also in the August Juvenile, 1921.
- Song, "Count Your Many Blessings."

III. Closing.

- Passing of wraps by children.
- Benediction.
- Song, Good-bye.

Note: Ask children to bring flowers wild or tame, for next Sunday. It is Mothers' Day and let them give or take their parents an invitation to come and

visit them next Sunday. See that each child gives mother a few flowers.

Second Sunday May 14, 1922

(Where class work is held, on this day, the following lesson may be given.)

Subject: "Mother's Day."

Aim: Mother's great love for her children should be acknowledged and appreciated.

Text: I Samuel 1:2:11:18-21. Sunday morning in the Kindergarten.

Lesson 50 or Lesson 13. Either one may be told.

I. Opening.

- Gathering of wraps by children.
- Song practice: Review "Loving Mother," "Patty Hill," p. 74.
- Song, "Good Morning to You."
- Prayer: Create atmosphere thanking Heavenly Father for parents.
- Song: "Love at Home," D. S. S. Song Book.
- "Dearest Names," p. 54; "Daddy's Home Coming," p. 38 from Kindergarten and Primary Song Book.
- Rest exercise: Let children suggest what they can do to help Mothers. or dramatize "Father and Mother Care," Patty Hill, p. 74.

II. Group Work.

- Memory Gems and Sacrament Gems.
- Introduce subject of the day by showing pictures of children helping parents. Let children tell what they do at home to show their love for parents.
- Recite the poem "Which Loved Best," by Joy Allison.
- Tell the story of Hannah, and her son, Samuel. Lesson 13, or Lesson 50, from Sunday morning in Kindergarten.
- Give each child the flowers he is going to give Mother. As they present them to Mother, all sing, "There is a Name."

III. Closing.

- Passing of wraps by children.
- Song—Children's choice.
- Benediction.

Third Sunday, May 21, 1922

Lesson 51: Father Lehi and His Family

Text: I Nephi 2; 3:1-9; 5:1-11; 7:1-5; 15:8-10.

Helps: Mother Stories from the Book of Mormon, W. A. Morton, pp. 15-17, 20-26.

Aim: Appreciation of father's love and kindness brings the blessings of the Lord.

I. Opening.

- a. Gathering of wraps.
- b. Song Practice: "The Dearest Names," Kindergarten and Primary Songs, by Thomassen, page 54.
- c. Prayer: Create atmosphere by expressing gratitude for father and mother.
- d. Song: "Daddy's Homecoming," Kindergarten and Primary Songs, page 38.
- e. Rest Exercise: Representations of Helping father in the home.

II. Groups.

- a. Gem: "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc. The Fifth Commandment.
- b. Approach to Lesson: Last Sunday we talked about mother. There is someone else in the home who loves us too. Who is it? What does father do for us? What can we do for him?
- c. Story. Father Lehi and his family.

III. Closing.

- a. Passing of wraps.
- b. Song: (Children's choice).
- c. Benediction.

Fourth Sunday, May 28, 1922

Lesson 52. Nephi Obtaining Food for the Family

Text: I Nephi 16:14-32.

Helps: "Mother stories from the Book of Mormon," W. A. Morton, pp. 27-32.

Aim: God blesses those who strive to help others.

I. Opening.

- a. Gathering of wraps.
- b. Song practice, review.
- c. Prayer: Create atmosphere by leading the children to express thanks for brothers and sisters.
- d. Song: "Daddy's Homecoming," Kindergarten and Primary Songs, by Thomassen, p. 38.
- e. Rest Exercise: Representation, helping brothers and sisters.

II. Group Work.

- a. Gem: Review.
- b. Approach to lesson: We have talked about mother and father. I am thinking of some one else who lives in our homes. Who is it. Let children tell of the games they play with brothers and sisters. Today we shall hear about Nephi and his brothers.
- c. Lesson: Nephi obtaining food for the family.

Note: Blackboard drawings of the mountains and the bow and arrow will be helpful in illustrating this lesson.

III. Closing.

- a. Passing of wraps.
- b. Song: Teacher's choice.
- c. Hymn.

Just a Boy

By Mrs. Ida A. Alldredge

Because I'm just a rowdy boy
Folks scold me all day long.
It seems no matter what I do
It's sure to be quite wrong.

I musn't make a bit of noise
For baby needs her rest.
I musn't climb the tree at all
To hunt the birds' wee nest.

I have to wash my face and hands
Before each meal you see;
They say I'm such a dirty boy
And I must neater be.

And when my shoe strings come untied
And holes get in my clothes
They wonder what to do with me
But no one ever knows.

I'm not so nice as sister Kate
Her room is fixed up fine
But all because I'm just a boy
There's no one cares for mine.

And when the house is fresh and clean
And things are cool and quiet
They tell me I must stay outside
Until it's almost night.

Now sometimes I just wonder why
A boy don't fit at all
Until he grows to be a man
So big, and straight, and tall.



The End of the Rope

By W. H. Peterson

*"Do unto others as you would
be done by."*

"Calm yourself, Ethel. We didn't understand you," said Mrs. Carey, putting her arms around her daughter. "Tell us the whole story over again, and speak clearly this time."

Ethel wiped the tears from her pretty brown eyes, swallowed hard to get down a great lump that seemed to fill her throat, drew a long breath and said:

"I told Kirk not to do it, but he's just as mean as he can be. You know that biggest limb in the Jonathan Apple tree. Well, right in the very top, up high where it can sway in the breeze and look out over the big, wide world, a pretty little bird, one that sings and sings and is yellow all over, has built its nest. Just a few moments ago Kirk spoiled that tiny bird home. How would you like to have our home torn into pieces?"

"That, my little daughter," answered Mr. Carey, "would be a sad and very terrible thing. But, go on. Let us hear the rest of your story."

"Kirk said he was going to play robber. He started to climb the tree. I thought of my little bird friends and tried to hold him back. He pushed me away and said he would get his revenge on me for trying to interfere with his plans. Up, up he went until the limbs were bending under him. From the nest he took some little young birds and dropped them to the ground, one by one. They fluttered and chirped, but they could not fly. What will the poor little things do?"

I know they will be eaten by that big gray cat I saw in the garden this morning."

"You are a very kind-hearted girl, Ethel," said Mr. Carey. "However, don't be worried about the birds. I'll see what can be done to protect them, if they need protection."

Mrs. Carey pushed back the thick curly hair from her daughter's forehead and kissed her. "Go out, my dear," she said, "and watch for the old gray cat, while your papa and I think of some way to protect your little friends."

Ethel responded promptly to her mother's request. Out of the house and through the garden she flew. A soldier could not go on duty with more determination to be watchful than did she. There was not a fence, bush or stone that did not receive a share of her attention. The old gray cat was not in the garden, and she was determined that it should not come in.

In the house Mr. and Mrs. Carey were talking seriously about their children. They loved Kirk and Ethel as only parents can love, and they wanted them to be happy. It pained them to know that the son they were so proud of had been unkind to the helpless birds.

"It isn't the first time that we have learned of this undesirable trait in his character," said Mr. Carey. "He seems to take a delight in being cruel to things."

"Whatever he has done, has been done thoughtlessly," assured the boy's mother. "I know he isn't wilfully cruel. To me he is the dearest and best boy in the world."

Mr. Carey thought a moment and down came his hand on his knee.

"That's just the reason I want to correct him. I want my son to be the best kind of a boy, because I know that kind of a boy will grow into the best kind of a man."

"What shall we do?" inquired the sympathetic mother.

"That is a big question," answered the father. "What do you think of the plan I suggested at the time he strangled our young ducks?"

"Oh, no, no, not that. I can't think of it. It would frighten the poor boy into a fit. Remember, Charles, he is only seven years old."

"But, my dear, something must be done. We can't let him go on in this manner. Let us call him in and talk the matter over with him."

Accordingly the loving parents left the house to search for the boy who was causing them so much concern. He was not to be found. They decided that he must be visiting with Fred Wilson, the neighbor boy, so they returned to the house. If they had gone to the bottom of their orchard, they would have found Kirk in the old creek channel, behind a large willow patch.

About ten minutes before Mr. and Mrs. Carey came out of the house, Kirk had run behind the willow patch with something struggling in his arms. It was the gray cat that Ethel was watching so diligently for. Into a small dry goods box, over the top of which laths had been nailed, Kirk thrust the struggling cat.

"You old butcher," snapped the boy, rubbing his left arm. "I'll teach you for scratching me."

In his pocket he found a piece of twine string, and about a hundred yards down the dry channel he obtained an old newspaper. It took some time to carry out the next part of his revengeful plot. He wanted to get hold of the cat's tail in such a way that the cat could neither bite nor scratch him. With this idea in mind

he managed to get the cat's tail between the laths, which served as bars over the top of the box. Thus it was so easy to hold the animal's tail without danger of being scratched or bitten. Although the angry cat fluffed up his fur, spread out his sharp claws, hissed, and growled, he could do nothing to free himself from the boy's grasp. It was but the work of a minute or two for Kirk to tie the newspaper to the cat's tail. Having examined the knots in the string to make sure the paper would not come off, he drew a match slowly from his pocket as if enjoying the torture he thought he was causing the cat; then he lighted the paper, and when the paper was well ablaze, he tore the laths from the box and set the animal free.

Off through the orchard shot the frightened creature, with the burning paper tied to its tail. Kirk clapped his hands and shouted in gleeful exaltation. His cruel mirth, intense as it was, was nevertheless, short lived. His mirth changed to astonishment, his astonishment to seriousness, and his seriousness to terror as he saw the cat turn and dash straight toward the back porch. There was no time to head the cat in another direction. Hardly had he realized the seriousness of the situation before the terrified creature disappeared under the porch. Fearful of what the result would be, Kirk stood still, afraid to follow. As soon as he could think, he started forward. Undoubtedly his first thought was to get the burning newspaper out from under the porch. Anxious as he was to get the burning paper he dared go no nearer. Turning, he fled to the creek channel and hid himself in the willows.

Kirk felt no satisfaction in his hiding place. How nervous he was! In his excitement he imagined all sorts of things. He imagined he could see his beautiful home in flames. He thought of his little sister, and he im-

aged he could see her in the burning building. Where was his mama? Where was his papa? As these thoughts were rushing through his mind, he heard his father crying, "fire! fire!"

The dry paper under the porch took fire immediately. From the paper the fire spread rapidly to the dry timber of the porch. Kirk heard the excited cries of his father and he crouched lower down in the willows and trembled. To this boy with his guilty conscience, the work of a few moments seemed to last for long hours. In unspeakable terror he heard the shouts of human voices and the rattling of tin buckets. Then came the honk and roar of the approaching fire department. Looking upward, he saw flaky ashes floating away into the pale blue sky. He thought he could hear the crackle of the burning timber. "Chug, chug chug," came to his ears distinctly. It was the engines of the great pumps at work. He listened feverishly, intently, and through the noise of it all came the steady "swish, swish," of the mighty streams of water as they shot from hose into the burning building. To the exasperated boy, all this was untold torture. Would it never end? It seemed to him that all the houses in the neighborhood must be on fire. Gradually the chugging of the engines stopped, the shouts of the people ceased, and the swishing of the water died away.

"I am very thankful that we saved the house," said Mr. Carey, putting on his coat. "A porch can be rebuilt much easier than a whole house."

"To think," sobbed Mrs. Carey, "that Kirk is to blame for this terrible mishap."

"I know he is," said little Ethel. "I saw the old gray cat run out of the willows in the bottom of our lot, and there was a burning piece of paper tied to its tail. Then I saw Kirk come running after it. He was clapping his

hands and laughing. When the cat ran under the porch, he ran behind the willows."

"A great mistake has been made in allowing him to be thus far unpunished," said Mr. Carey. "We must find him."

As the noise of the fire died away, Kirk sank into the grass under the willows and fell fast asleep. The trying ordeal through which he had just passed had tired him out. His body was resting, but his troubled mind was hard at work. He dreamed that he could hear the willows to the right of him crackle. He lay perfectly still, but to his amazement something was coming nearer and nearer. His first thought was to run. He was not given time to put this thought into action for through the bushes, directly in front of him, appeared the head of a great white bear. In a moment the boy found himself lying flat on the ground with the heavy white forepaw of the bear resting on his chest.

"Ourh!" said the bear, and he shook Kirk till his neck hurt. Then the bear growled again, louder than before. To the boy's surprise and terror the huge animal began to talk like a human being. He said, "You kill ducks. You hurt birds. You cruel to cat. I hurt you. Ourh! Ourh!" he growled again, as he pulled a few hairs from the boy's head.

Kirk awoke from this awful dream crying, "Help! Help!" Seeing his parents approaching, he ran to his mother's arms. With tears in his eyes he told about his dream and confessed what he had done. He seemed so repentant and promised so sincerely to be kind to his sisters and everything, that Mr. Carey refrained from punishing him.

That night, while the moon was shining and everything could be seen almost as plainly as in the daytime, Kirk rose from his bed and looked out of his window. On a charred stump of the destroyed porch he saw a gray

animal. "Poor thing," thought the boy, "he must be hungry." He slipped quietly down the stairs, filled a saucer with milk and placed it outside the door.

In the southeast room of the Carey home, papa and mama were sleeping peacefully. They did not know what their son was doing that moment, but their rest was undisturbed because they trusted in his promise, and they were sure he would be a great man.

A Brave Boy

You have all heard how the Saints were driven out of their beautiful city of Nauvoo, Illinois, and of the trials which they endured until they were led by their great pioneer, President Brigham Young, to the Great Salt Lake Valley, now called Utah.

William Goforth Nelson, who was a boy of about fifteen years of age when he left Nauvoo with his parents, tells of the following experience on his way from Nauvoo to Mount Pisgah, where the Saints were camped to await the time when they could go still further west to find the home which the Prophet Joseph Smith had promised them in the "Valleys of the Mountains."

"On May 1, 1846, Father's family, except my brothers Price and Hyrum who remained back to work on the steamboat, left Nauvoo and started west with the Saints. We had two wagons, one of which had no tire on the wheels, and was drawn by four cows and two two-year old steers; the other was drawn by two ponies. We led one cow behind the wagons. We crossed the Mississippi during the first day's travel from home, just above the shoals, at the main crossing. On the third day father traded one of the ponies for a yoke of oxen. We traveled on the main road leading to Council Bluffs. We crossed the Des Moines river on the fifth day's travel from home, and camped for

the night about four miles from the river. Late that evening, the oxen we had traded the pony for started to run back. I got on a pony and started after them. They ran for a mile or more along the road and then went into the woods, north of the road. I finally got them hemmed up between a large tree and some limbs of another tree; it was then getting dark and raining very hard. I knew the only way I could get the oxen would be to stay and keep them hemmed in by the tree until morning, which I finally decided to do. The one ox had lost the bell which we had put on him, and the wind blowing from the south, as it did, made it quite impossible for any of my folks to hear me holler from the road. The prairie wolves were howling in the woods near me, so I thought the safest thing to do would be for me to sit on the pony all the time. I partly consoled myself by thinking that the wolves would take the little colt (which was following the pony) before they would me. I had lost my hat during the run, and one of the stitches which had been taken in my leg when I got it hurt some time before, broke loose, which caused it to bleed freely, until I could get it bound up the next day. It continued raining hard all night, accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning, which helped to make my already miserable condition worse. But morning found me alive and able to get the cattle back to camp. My father had been hunting for me a good share of the night."

The Boy You Can Trust

He's prompt on the job when the meetings begin,
With his hand at salute and his face in a grin;
He pays strict attention to all that is said,
And the words that are spoken stick tight in his head.

His dues and assessments are never behind,

He's ready for service of any old kind.
When orders are given he'll do them or bust,

He's a boy that you can bank on—the boy you can trust!

Some fellows are very much brighter,
I know,

At camps and inspections they frequently show

To better advantage; and some there may be

Who understand Scouting from A through to Z,

Who know how to rig up a telegraph set,

To make fire by friction and such things—and, yet

When critical times are ahead of me, just

Give me the fellow I know I can trust!

He doesn't suspect, but it's true all the same,

That he's getting his training for playing life's game.

He'll find when he's older, as others have found,

That there aren't enough boys of that kind to go 'round,

Who tackle their work with a resolute heart

Determined to finish whatever they start.

And if you would succeed in this old world, you must

Be sure you're the kind of a boy folks can trust!

—The Cave Scout in Boys' Life.

How the World Sleeps

Most people sleep on their sides, with knees drawn up.

Elephants always, and horses commonly, sleep standing up.

Birds, with the exception of owls and the hanging-parrots of India, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back, and the beak thrust among

the feathers between the wing and the body.

Storks, gulls and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting shoreward, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together, and blanketed by their bushy tails.

Hares, snakes and fish sleep with their eyes wide open.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have a screen that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the daytime.—*Canadian Churchman*.

Why Dappled Gray Changed Her Mind

When they got big enough to open their eyes, Mrs. Dappled Gray told her kittens all about the lovely big house and the milk and bread which they should have when they got big enough to go there for their meals as she did.

Every time the mama cat came back from the house she told the kittens about the lovely romp she had with the baby and how sunny and nice it was there, till they could hardly wait to go and see it all for themselves.

One day the mama cat said: "I have found a nice new house for you in a very large trunk, where some old clothes are kept, and I think we will move in at once."

Then she picked up black kittie and walked right out of the barn with him in her mouth. The mama cat went into the hall upstairs and dropped black kittie in the open trunk there. Then she started for white kittie.

But what do you think! The lady who owned the trunk, came out and, seeing it open, shut it with a bang. She did not know that a dear little kitten was in there.

Oh, how frightened mama cat was

when she came back with white kittie! She scratched and clawed the trunk and rushed to the lady, who was playing with her baby in another room. "Mee-ow! mee-ow! You have your baby, and I want mine," she cried, and rubbed against her dress.

The lady saw the mama cat jump on the trunk and scratch it with her sharp claws. "What can the matter be?" said the lady, and she opened her trunk. There, cuddled up in the clothes, was black kittie sound asleep.

Before the lady could ask mama cat a single question, she had picked up black kittie out of the trunk and started for the old home in the barn.

When she got the three babies back in the hay, Mrs. Dappled Gray Cat told them that the house was a very nice place to go, but that the barn was the best home to bring up little kitties.

—*Child's Hour.*

Two Pennies

Dwight jingled the two pennies that his father had given him as he felt them in his pocket. Then he took them out and looked at them. They were just alike; each was made of bright copper, they were of the same size, and each had a picture of an Indian on one side.

"One lollipop, please," Dwight said, as he went into the store and laid one penny down on the counter. "And one pencil," he added, laying the other penny down.

So that was the end of Dwight's pennies, but not exactly.

The lollipop began going at once, and in a very short time it was all gone. The pencil, which was made of lead and very useful, went to work.

It made ever so many pictures to give Dwight pleasure on a rainy day. It went to school with him and wrote such a fine composition that it earned him a high mark. Then it wrote some neat labels, with Dwight's help, for mother's canning-jars. She said they

would last as well as inked labels, and she gave Dwight five cents for helping her so much.

If these two pennies could have talked things over, which penny, do you suppose, would feel as if it had amounted to something in the world?

—*Exchange.*

The Squirrel that Loved Music

I have just read about a sportsman who one day in the woods sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a tree. "In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side, and listened. A moment after he had scrambled down the trunk, and, when within a few yards, he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune; and, chut! away he skipped! But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, he actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again. But this time he looked so funny, as he scampered off, that I burst out laughing; and he came back no more. I had much more enjoyment out of this squirrel than if I had shot him."

—*St. Nicholas.*

Of Such is the Kingdom

"Mormona"

The Master is calling the children
To bless them one by one.
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven
He rules as Only Son.

A lesson to all who would seek Him:
Be humble even as they,
And trust as do innocent children,
The words His prophets say.

Little Helpers

"I'm so tired," said little Rachel. "Brother, won't you please help me carry my blocks in the house?"

"Oh, I'm busy, sister. Can't you do it yourself? You always—" And then Tom stopped to look at something in the grass.

"Come here, Rachel," he cried. "Look at this little ant trying to drag this great big caterpillar. Why, it can't move the great big fellow. Let's lie down here and see what it will do."

The children dropped quietly on the grass and kept very still.

"Look, there he goes," said Rachel. "See, he has met another ant. Are they shaking hands?"

"No, that is the way ants talk," said Tom. "Now watch them. See, the other ant is going to help."

Both little ants pulled at the caterpillar, but they could just move it a very little bit. Then they ran away as fast as they could go toward a large ant-hill under a tree.

"Just wait a bit," said Tom. "No, let's slip over by their house and see what happens next."

Pop came one little ant, and then another little ant going over the grass toward the caterpillar, and then a great crowd of ants ran after them. They scrambled over the sticks and stones and grass. They climbed upon the caterpillar's back and looked at him carefully, and decided he would make a fine dinner for the family. Then the ants got on all sides of the big fellow. They took hold of him with their tough little jaws, and then pulled all together. Some got behind and pushed, and the old fat caterpillar moved right along across the yard to the ant-hill. Tom and Rachel were going to watch them eat him up, but mother called them, and Tom said:

"Come on, sister; where are those blocks? I guess I can be as helpful as those little ants."

The children carried the blocks to the house, and when mother asked Tom to pick up some chips, Rachel said:

"I'll help you, Tom. Those little ants can't be any better than I am."

After that, whenever Tom and Rachel had any work to do, they laughed and said:

"The ants can't beat us. Let's work together and be real helpers."—Kind Words.

Almost a Mix-up

By Annie Malin

I'm glad when angels brought me
down

They didn't lose the way
And leave me at Sam Johnson's house
'Cause there I'd had to stay.
An' if they had a-left me there
It would have been most sad
I couldn't bear that Johnson kid
To call my father, "dad."

An' then suppose they'd taken me
To Watson's over there
An' let them have me, mercy me!
It's enough to raise my hair,
For if they had a-left me there—
(My head is in a whirl)
'Cause Sally would 'a been my name
An' I'd 'a been a girl.

An' then suppose they'd taken me
To Billy Turner's, Ma,
An' left me there on that same night—
Old Turner'd be my pa.
But worse still, if they'd taken me
Down to Susanna Winn's,
I'd been more mixed than ever,
'Cause I'd have been their twins.



Something to Color

"THE SWING"

By J. A. Bywater

Paint leaves green, sky blue, birds in tree, brown; swing seat and ropes, brown; boy's hair, brown; face, hands, and bare legs, very light red; shoes brown. Trees along river, light green; reflection in water darker green; leave space between trees and reflection white. Make trees green, and grass a very light green. Stones in wall and post, a light brown; roofs of houses, light brown. Foliage in foreground, dark green.



THE CHILDREN'S BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be in black and white and on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Letter from England

Dear Editor: I take pleasure in writing a few lines to the Juvenile. I live in Middlesbrough, England. My father is the president of the Middlesbrough Branch, Newcastle Conference. Our Sunday School is only a very small one, the total enrollment being only thirteen. At present we have only one class, but soon we hope to have two or three. Last year our lessons were taken from "Ancient Apostles" and were very interesting. This year we have begun to study the book, "What Jesus Taught." My sister and I love to read the Juvenile which comes every month from the Conference President. We enjoy reading the stories and also studying the puzzles. We have two Elders at our Branch from Utah, Elder Robert E. Finch from Goshen and Elder Thomas V. Phillips from Springville. They often come to our house and take my father out visiting with them. My Grandma lives in Salt Lake City; also I have some uncles and aunts living there, too. Some day father and mother and all our family hope to make our home

there, too. We have five in our family. Father and mother, my two sisters and myself. I am the oldest, being eleven years old. Hazel is the second, nine years old, and Elsie, who is four, the youngest. I was baptized in the sea at Saltburn and Hazel was baptized in the Font at Sunderland. We had a nice Christmas party at Christmas and all enjoyed ourselves very much. I will close this short letter now, hoping you will have room to publish it in the Juvenile.

Yours Sincerely,

Leslie Derbyshire,

Age 11.

42 Warren St.,

Middlesbrough, England.



DADDY'S CHUM

Drawn by Clarence Meecham,

Age 11

Rock Springs, Wyo.



Drawn by Thelma Robinson,
Age 14. Box 87, Fillmore, Utah.

Thanksgivin'

[Delayed in Printing]

Mother's cookin' good things,
The pantry's heapin' full,
Pa he's killed the turkey,
An' picked off all its wool.
Sue she's baked up cakes,
Enough to last a year,
An' I'm jest bustin' I'm so glad,
Thanksgivin' day is here.

Granma and Granpa's comin',
To help us eat the stuff,
And Gran'ma's sure to bring nice
things,
Enough to make you bust,
But for me, well, I'm not sorry,
You bet, I could jest cheer
Becus' I am so tickled,
Thanksgivin' day is here.

And then when I began to think,
Way back in sixteen seven,
I wonder if the pilgrim's had
These good things we are havin',
But now that they are dead and gone,
I'm thankful I can say,
That those old folks were wise enough
To invent Thanksgivin' day.

Rosa Alger,
Age 15. Enterprise, Utah.

A True Story

In the white mountains of Arizona, my uncle Joe was herding sheep. A lamb got separated from its mother, "bah, bah, bah, I want my ma."

A coyote heard it and was after it. He came up close to the camp and barked "wa-wa-wa-whoo" as much as to say "I am going to catch you-oo."

Uncle Joe heard it, he jumped out of bed and shot at the barker. He did not hear any more barks that night. The next morning when he went out to see how close the coyote had come, he found it shot through the nose, dead.

Viola Young,
Age 9. Blanding, Utah.



SWEETHEARTS

Photo by Eva Guntler,
Age 14. Lehi, Utah.

The Snow Storm

Little Mae was seven years old and went to school in the village. The schoolhouse was about six miles from Mae's home, but she was always early because she had a little pony, which she rode to school.

Early Monday morning Mae left home for school. The sky was dark and the heavy clouds overhead looked like they would open up their doors and drop their bombs, which were snowflakes, on the little traveler as she wearied her way onward. When Mae arrived at the schoolhouse, it was

very cold, as the teacher hadn't arrived yet to build a fire. Mae then decided she would go back home. She was on her journey homeward when the storm overtook her. Little Mae, far away from home, warmth and shelter, was left to take care of herself.

Anyone knows that to be alone in a snowstorm and far away from help is no joke. The wind began to blow and the snow came tumbling down on the little girl as she tried to guide her pony along the trail toward home. But it was impossible for either the girl or her horse to see the path, as the air was filled with the thick snow. Soon the little girl began to get sleepy, as all people do when they get very cold, and all that kept her awake was the continual joggling of the faithful, little pony as he tried to keep his mistress awake.

After circling around for about three hours, Mae could see the chimney of a cabin, in the distance, and as her pony drew nearer the house, Mae heard someone calling her name. Then she knew it was her father, who quickly carried her to the house. Mae was soon well again, but her little pony was blinded. The wind blowing the snow into his eyes had closed them forever. But the pony was happy because he had brought his mistress safely home.

Florence Nelson,
Morgan, Utah.

Age 15.



Photo by Fred Christensen,
Age 15. Manassa, Colo.

The Haunted House

It was a lonely, dilapidated house. Helen could see that it was not an old house, yet it had that forsaken look that old houses invariably acquire after years of disuse.

"This is just the house that I want," thought Helen. Then she accosted the village constable. "Please, who owns that house?" she asked.

"Cap'n Jack. But the house is got a haunt."

"Oh, I'm not superstitious," laughed Helen, and went to see "Cap'n Jack." When she asked for the price of the house, "Cap'n Jack" stared at her in surprise.

"Why, I didn't think anybody wanted that house. It's haunted!" he exclaimed.

"Tell me about it," begged Helen, and he began:

Five years ago I built that house. It cost me a fortune, too, because I wanted everything modern. When it was finished we had a housewarming, my wife and I. In the middle of our fun, I went into the hall. A figure in white darted into a door. I knew very well there wasn't a door in that particular spot, so I went to investigate. Well, I didn't find any door. I thought maybe one of the guests had been dressed up, trying to frighten us, so I went back. Just as I reached the parlor door, the clock struck midnight. I didn't think any more of the incident till a week later. I had been in bed some time, when I got up to give some medicine to one of my children, who was sick. On entering the hall I saw another white thing. This time it didn't disappear so suddenly. Then the clock started to strike. I counted the strokes, it was midnight. The apparition vanished. I saw the same thing after that. My wife saw it too and she had a nervous breakdown. That is why the house is haunted," he finished.

Helen bought the house. She saw

the apparition, too. Upon investigation it proved to be the moonlight shining through the hall door on a certain spot on the wall. It could only be seen occasionally at midnight because that was the only time the moon was in that certain position.

Agnes Skinner,
Spanish Fork, Utah.

Age 13.



Copied by Dora Mayhew
Age 12. Duchesne, Utah.

Two Brave Boys

Two little boys Glen and Wendell had been digging potatoes for several days and storing them in an old granary which stood near by.

One day when they went to finish digging their potatoes they heard some one moving in the granary. They thought it was some one stealing the potatoes. Glen jumped on the horse and came to town to tell his father to hurry and come up there, while Wendell was to watch the house.

concealing himself in some tall sun flowers.

When Glen had told his father he went back to the field. In about half an hour their father came up to the field. He went over to the granary in the sun flowers. Neither of them had got close enough to see the pigs running in and out of the granary. The pigs had had a delicious lunch eating over half the potatoes.

Teresa Jones,
Age 9. Overton, Nevada.

God's Handiwork

As I stand on the top of a mountain high, and gaze from hill to tree,
And follow my eye far, far away,
where rolls the beautiful sea,
I notice the fine engravings that hang from shaggy cliff,
And I watch the dashing waves how orderly they shift.
I look at the smiling flowers all lifting up their heads,
Melting the snowy blanket that cover their wintry beds;
Then I look at the wonderful colors which blend with the azure blue,
And see the green from the pastures, the violets sprinkled with dew;
dew;

So I wonder how this came to be—just puzzle it out if you can,—

But I know as I stand here bewildered, 'twas never made by man.

Man may have ploughed many a furrow, and turned over many a sod,
But this beautiful scene of nature is the handiwork of God.

Ruth Larsen,
Age 16. Richfield, Utah.

The Interesting Little News Boy

There was once a little orphan boy, who sold papers in a large city.

He was a very forlorn looking little chap as he stood at the corner of the street with a bundle of papers under his arm.

He had large brown eyes which sparkled beneath the torn rim of his hat. His black hair was sticking up through the crown. His overalls, which were two or three sizes too large for him, were torn at the knees, and one suspender was hanging down his back. His shirt was torn at the elbows and several buttons were off. He did not wear any stockings and his toes were peeping through the holes in his shoes.

But though his clothes were ragged and torn he was a very cheerful little fellow, as he stood on the street cheerily calling out, "paper, sir," to every gentleman that passed by.

Natalie Christensen,

Age 11.

Garland, Utah.

God's Love

I hear the chimes of sleigh bells,
Come tinkling through the snow.
I think of God's great mercy,
As the shadows come and go.

The pines in solemn stillness,
Hold their heads in stately grace,
Withstanding time and tempest,
His handiwork to trace.

The silent sombre bulwark,
Of mountains tall and grand,
Led all His choicest people,
Into this Promised Land.

Oh! may we all prove faithful
In the coming days of trial.
And live and love and prosper,
Making our lives worth while.

Pearl Taylor,

Age 16.

Malta, Idaho.

The Cat School

Mother cat had organized a school for little kittens. Her pupils were Pink Nose, Pokey and Winkey. Pink Nose was a bright kitten, Winkey was mischievous and Pokey was stupid, so altogether Mother Cat had her hands full.

One day Pokey was so stupid he

had to wear the dunce cap and stand before the school. Winkey was so mischievous he decided to play a trick on Pokey.

At recess he caught a little green lizard, and as he passed into the room he slipped it down Pokey's back.

The spelling class had just began, when all of a sudden Pokey began to laugh and dance around the room, making the others laugh also.

Mother Cat was very angry, and said:

"Pokey may go to the principal's office and spend the rest of the day."

The next day Pokey returned a sadder but wiser kitten.

Leah Woodhead,

Age 12.

1049 West 4th South,

Salt Lake City, Utah.



Jack Frost

The ditches he froze and oh! what fun,

It is so slippery you cannot run,
Come with your sleds and come with your skates,

You'll have to hurry for time never waits.

Jennie Wright,

Age 9.

Brigham City,

Utah.

Seasons

Father Winter is going fast,

Brother Spring is swiftly coming,

Sister Summer comes at last,

While Mother Autumn's Sunning.

By Maud Clegg,

Age 8.

Elmo, Utah.

Cured by Faith

When I was two years old I took very sick. The doctor could not tell what was the matter with me for a long time. Finally a large abscess formed. My papa and the Elders administered to me every little while. I was sick for three months, but by the power of the Lord I was healed.

Your little friend,

Dora Allred,

Age 8. Garland 1, Box Elder Co.,
Utah.

January

One snowy, windy morning,

When freezing was the weather,
I saw a broncho cow puncher,
Dressed in clothes of leather.

He rode barebacked, without a hat,

He only stopped to say,
"Nippy February's coming,
And a blizzard's on its way."

Benjamin Clegg,

Age 13. Elmo, Utah.

The January Puzzle

TOWNS IN IDAHO

Solution:

| | |
|--------|---------|
| Star | Heyburn |
| Ashton | Illo |

Winners

Lowell Boberg, Draper, Utah.
Mary Boyer, Springville, Utah, Box 425.
Florence Johnson, Box 854, Burley, Ida.
Neta Nibley, Teton, Idaho.
Max Phillips, Teton, Idaho.
John R. Schutt, Box 615, Rupert, Ida.
John A. Thaxton, R. F. D. 7, Box 4940,
Muray, Utah.
Lilis Worthington, 431 So. 11th St.,
Boise, Idaho.

Honorable Mention

Ida Adamson, Lincoln, Utah.
Byron Allred, Twin Butte, Canada.
Dorothy Balmforth, Rigby, Idaho.

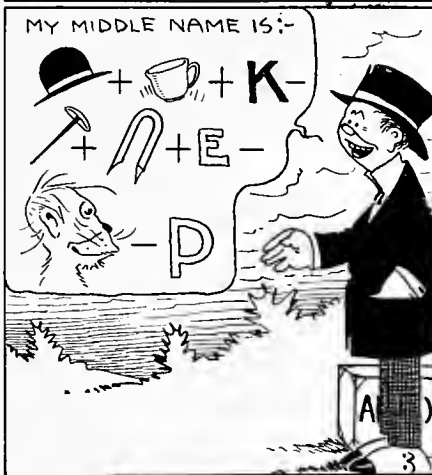
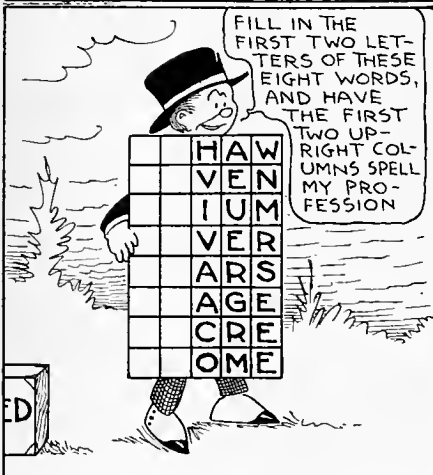
Edna Billeter, Park Valley, Utah.
Mary Bjelke, Delta, Utah.
Ralph Blanch, West Weber, Utah.
Kent Bramwell, Ogden, Utah.
Jim Clayton, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Hazel Carroll, Garland, Wyoming.
Samuel Clegg, Elmo, Utah.
Joseph Clegg, Elmo, Utah.
Carl Cooke, Tremonton, Utah.
Irma Despain, Freedom, Utah.
Elnora Despain, Freedom, Utah.
Edna Dutton, Hatch, Utah.
Kazia Erickson, Heber City, Utah.
Mildred Evans, Spanish Fork, Utah.
Dorothy Gardiner, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Lewis Harmer, Mapleton, Utah.
Helen Holt, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Rosel Hunter, Oakley, Idaho.
Louis Johnson, Lund, Idaho.
James Johnson, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Clifton Kolby, Fairfield, Idaho.
Rosey Mayhew, Duchesne, Utah.
Lorraine Merrill, Logan, Utah.
Wilma Miller, Portland, Oregon.
Thelma Miller, Portland, Oregon.
Ruth Pace, Holbrook, Arizona.
Eileen Phillips, Sugar City, Idaho.
Derella Rasmussen, Mink Creek, Idaho.
Hattie Rasmussen, Mink Creek, Idaho.
Mildred Robinson, Fairfield, Idaho.
Lawrence Robinson, Fairfield, Idaho.
Dorothy Robinson, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Bill Robinson, Cumberland, Wyoming.
Permilla Rogers, Rigby, Idaho.
Josephine Schiro, Storrs, Utah.
Leah Skousen, Colonia Juarez, Mexico.
Hazel Smith, Lincoln, Utah.
Alice Spence, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Leona Tolman, Inkorn, Idaho.
Herbert Lester Tracy, Malta, Idaho.
Julia Tyler, Thatcher, Arizona.
Blanche Tyler, Thatcher, Arizona.
Vivian Wade, Farmington, New Mexico.
Thora Webb, Pinedale, Arizona.
Archie Williams, Spanish Fork, Utah.

Our Own Puzzle

Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under 17 who correctly solve the puzzle on page 171 and send us the best article of not to exceed two hundred words, or poem not to exceed twenty lines or best amateur photograph or drawing on any subject. Answers must be in by April 10th. Address Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

OUR OWN PUZZLE


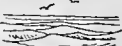


BY WALTER WELLMAN











The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip

3








"TRA-LA!" sang little  Trip, racing down the road. "We got across the  all right without a , didn't we, little master?" "Tra-la!" sang , racing after him. "So we did!" But heigh-




ho, all of a sudden there was a big mountain right in front of them! The  was as steep as the side of a . It was covered with  and  and there was never a sign of a road to go up. "So this is the end of our journey," cried
























. "We never can climb that !" But little dog  winked his bright  at him.

"Trust me!" said . So they went and they went till they came to the mountain-goat's .

Inside they could hear the  rattling and the little  crying, and when Mrs. Goat came to the

the  there was a tear in her . "Pray excuse me, Mrs. ,

said . "But may I ask what is the matter?" "Why, little Nannie was going to a party," said , "but she lost one of her  in the deep woods, and how can she

go to a party with only one !" "Well, well!" said . "My master here has very sharp   and I have a very sharp . Show us the  and we will run and find the mate to it." So  showed them the  and away they ran into the deep woods. And Peter hunted with his sharp   and  sniffed with his sharp , and hurrah! Under a big pine- they found the lost ! Then away they ran back to the  with it, and little Nannie  danced on her four little  for joy. "One good turn deserves another," said . "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Why, we'd like to get up that steep  if we could," said . "Nothing easier," said . "Hop up on my back and hold on to my  and I'll take you up in a twinkling. So they hopped up on Mrs. Goat's back and held on to her , and before you could say Jack Robinson, they were up on top of the mountain!





THE FUNNY BONE

Soft Boiled

Ted—"How can you tell a bad egg?"
Ned—"If I had anything to tell a bad egg
I think I should break it gently."

Going Some

A Georgia lawyer to a wealthy client
he desired to impress:

"I played Hamlet once."

"Indeed! Did you have much of a
run?"

"About six miles, as I remember it."—
The Lawyer and Banker.

Clever

"Smart couple."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, they feed the baby garlic so
that they can find it in the dark."—
National Warriors Magazine.

Pome

A peanut sat on the railroad
Its heart was all a flutter,
The 3:24 came thundering past,
Toot toot—Peanut Butter.

Loyal to His Union

"Moike was drowned last night."

"Is that true? Couldn't he swim?"

"Yes, but he's a union man; he swam
for eight hours and quit."—Good News.

Barnyard Talk

City Lady (down on the farm)—

"Oh, what cute little cowlets."

Farmer—"Pardon me, Madam, those
are bullets."

Too Active

Delancy—There was a patient at the
Emergency hospital the other day broke
his neck while lying in bed.

Fall—How strange! How did it hap-
pen?

Delancy—He tried to lick the alcohol
off his back.

For Style

He mixed his beans with honey
He'd done it all his life.

'Twas not because he liked the taste,
But it held them on his knife.

Juvenile Edition Wanted

"Mama," said little Fred, "this cate-
chism is awfully hard. Can't you get me
a kittychism?"—Baptist Boys and Girls.

Why Hurry?

"I had a queer dream last night, my dear.
I thought I saw another man running off
with you."

"What did you say to him?"

"I asked him what he was running for."

His Great Regret

New Office Boy—"A man man called
here to thrash you a few minutes ago."

Editor—"What did you say to him?"

New Office Boy—"I told him I was sorry
you weren't in."—Chicago Herald and Ex-
aminer.

As You Were

Sexton—"Dogs are not allowed here,
sir."

Visitor—"That's not my dog."

Sexton—"Not your dog? Why, he's fol-
lowing you."

Visitor—"Well, so are you."

Jolted

"I'd like to go to a funeral this afternoon,
sir," said the office boy.

"Oh, you would, would you?" the chief
heartlessly replied, "Well, you won't!"

"No, sir; I know I won't," the boy mur-
mured resignedly. "But I would like to all
the same."

Something tragic and appealing in the
youthful voice led the chief to ask: "Whose
funeral?"

"Yours, sir," said the boy.

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| R 611B | Heavy Wt. Bleached Cotton..... | 2.25 |
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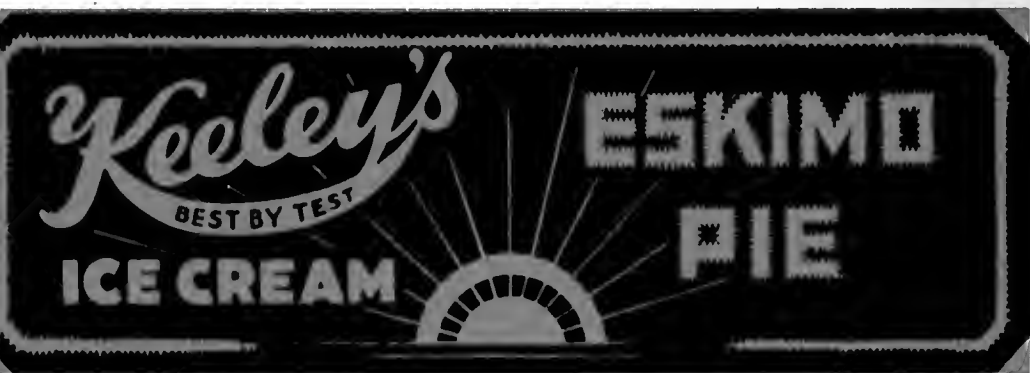


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